



THE



LEISURE HOUR

FEBRUARY, 1884.

Contents.

No Choice: A Story of the Unforeseen. Chaps. vii.—xv.	65
Day-Dreams of Invention. By Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.	79
The Pottery Districts of Fiji. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING.	83
Samuel Crompton and the Spinning-mule	88
The British People: their Income and Expenditure. By Professor LEONARD L. L. — A National Ledger—The Landholders—The Farmers—The Fundholders	91
Earthquakes and Volcanoes. II.	96



Contents.

Heroism	101
Boots and Shoes from Tudor Times until Now	102
Doctors out of Practice. By J. CORDY JEAFFERSON. Chap. I.—Learning and Literature	107
Tonquin and Anam	110
Home Life in the Olden Time. I.	113
The Wonderful Sunlight Effects of 1883.	118
Indian Fables.	122
American Life from Two Points of View	123
Varieties	125

ALMANACK FOR

FEBRUARY, 1884.

1 F	☉ rises 7.42 A.M.	8 F	☉ near Jupiter	15 F	☉ rises 7.18 A.M.	22 F	☉ rises 7.4 A.M.
2 S	Venus the ev. star	9 S	☉ rises 7.29 A.M.	16 S	Gemini S. 10 P.M.	23 S	Saturn S. 6 P.M.
3 S	SUN. APT. EPIPH.	10 S	SEPTUAGESIMA S.	17 S	☉ great. dist. from ☉	24 S	SHROVE SUNDAY
4 M	☉ 1 Quar. 5.57 A.M.	11 M	Full ☉ 4.48 A.M.	18 M	☉ 3 Quar. 3.13 A.M.	25 M	☉ 13th. 199
5 T	☉ near Saturn	12 T	Orion S. 8 P.M.	19 T	Jupiter S. 9.50 P.M.	26 T	New ☉ 6.35 P.M.
6 W	☉ Clk. bef. ☉ 14th. 18s.	13 W	Juptr. sets 6.28 A.M.	20 W	Taurus S. 6 P.M.	27 W	Ash Wednesday
7 T	☉ Twil. ends 6.55 P.M.	14 T	Daybreak 5.24 A.M.	21 T	☉ sets 5.23 P.M.	28 T	☉ sets 5.36 P.M.
	☉ sets 4.57 P.M.		☉ sets 5.10 P.M.				Venus near ☉

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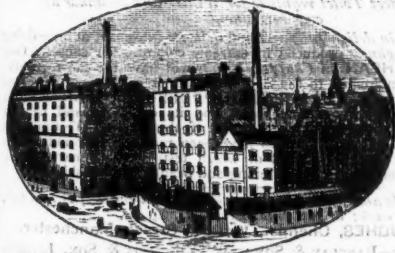
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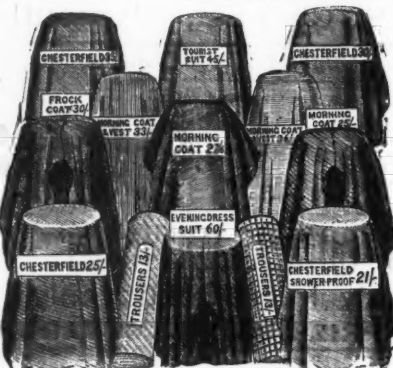
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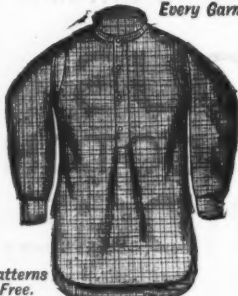
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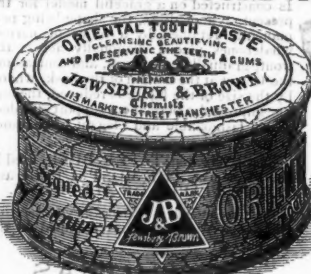
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PEARLY WHITE AND SOUND TEETH, firm and healthy Gums, so essential to beauty and fragrant breath, are all insured by this refined toilet luxury, composed of pure ingredients: medically approved. It Preserves the Teeth and Gums to Old Age. See Trade Mark and Signature on every genuine box. Pots, 1s. 6d.; Double, 2s. 6d. All Perfumers and Chemists.

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THE DRESS OF THE PERIOD Ask For WATERMAN'S HYGIENIC BOOTS.

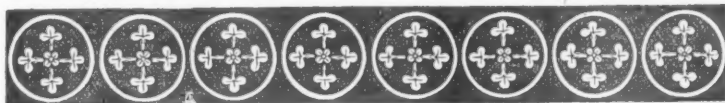
As shown at the Dress Exhibitions of the National Health Society, and of the Rational Dress Association. Recommended by the Medical Profession. As perfect as Boots can be made.

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N.B.—It is a pure DRY SOAP in fine Powder, and dissolves immediately in HOT or COLD WATER. See that the Trade Mark, "Arm and Dolly," is on every Packet.



BRIEF ABSTRACT
OF THE
EIGHTY-FOURTH REPORT
OF
The Religious Tract Society,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31st, 1883.

NEW PUBLICATIONS AND CIRCULATION DURING
THE YEAR.

There have been issued during the year 809 new publications, of which 262 were Tracts.

The Society has, up to the present time, published in 160 languages.

The total Circulation from the Home Depot, including Books, Tracts, Periodicals counted in numbers, Cards and Miscellaneous Issues, has reached 79,379,350 of which 33,249,800 are Tracts, being an increase upon the previous year of 6,217,730.

The Issues from Foreign Depôts may be safely stated at 14,000,000, making a total circulation of 93,379,350 and of 2,192,589,870 since the formation of the Society.

FUNDS.

The total amount received from sales, missionary receipts, and all other sources, including last year's balance, (£2,507 7s. 11d.) and Investments realized (£13,797 4s. 6d.), is £215,063 0s. 3d.

The total expenditure in both trade and grant departments, has been £213,535 15s. 4d., leaving a balance in favour of the Society of £1,527 4s. 11d.

MISSIONARY FUNDS.

The total amount received from subscriptions and other contributions, part payment for grants, dividends and legacies, is £26,227 9s. 6d. the whole of this sum being available for the missionary objects of the Society.

The missionary expenditure has amounted to £51,801 17s. 11d. It consists of foreign money grants, foreign grants of paper, electrotypes, and publications, grants to emigrants, to domestic applicants for tracts, circulating libraries, school libraries, seamen's, "British Workman," prison, police, lighthouse, coastguard, hospital and workhouse libraries, grants to colporteurs, etc.

The excess of grants over the missionary receipts, amounting to £25,574 8s. 5d. has been supplied from the trade funds, which have also borne the entire cost of management both of the business and missionary departments. See Missionary cash statement on page 4.

Grants in aid of Home Missions.

Tracts and books have been granted during the year to the amount of £31,640 12s. 0d. Every branch of *Home Missions* has thus been helped. Special mention may be made of the Grants to the London City Mission, Open Air, and Theatre Services, Church Aid and Home Missionary Society, British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Thames Church Mission, Missions to Seamen, Soldiers' Homes, Missions to the Hop-pickers, Scripture Readers' Societies, Sailors' Rests, Navy Mission, Christian Community, and to Emigrants from the principal ports. Books and Libraries have been granted to Sunday Schools, Parishes, and Congregations; to benevolent institutions of all kinds; to Temperance Rooms and Coffee Houses; to Ministers on ordination, to City Missionaries, Evangelists, and Theological Students. Tracts have been liberally supplied for Mission Services and to individual distributors.

Colportage Societies in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have been assisted by large supplies of tracts, and of books at reduced prices, so far as this could be done without interfering with the regular course of trade.

Promotion of Biblical Education in Board Schools. This work has continued to grow; 158,134 children were examined in connection with the LONDON SCHOOL BOARD; the Prizes given by the Society and Mr. Francis Peek were distributed by the Bishop of Manchester at the Crystal Palace in July. Grants of the same kind have been made to Hornsey, Bristol, Plymouth, Devonport, and other places.

The new series called "Present Day Tracts" commenced last year, intended to meet modern forms of unbelief, and to help believers in giving a reason for the hope that is in them, has been continued. Many testimonies have been received to their usefulness.

Another distribution of Illuminated Text Cards and other suitable publications was made at Christmas and the New Year to the suffering poor in Hospitals, Workhouses, Asylums. In all 629 Institutions participated in the grant.

Grants in aid of Foreign Missions.

EUROPE.

Continued help has been given to the efforts of evangelical Christians in FRANCE, both in the production and circulation of Tracts. Hymns for Mission Services have been published. The Paris Tract Society has received £267 for the distribution of Tracts; the McAll Mission £150; the Toulouse Book Society and other agencies have been proportionally helped. The BELGIAN Missionary Church has renewed its stock of Tracts by the Society's aid. In SWITZERLAND the colporteurs of the Geneva Society have been well supplied, and the publications of the Sunday School Society have been helped. In ITALY Books and Tracts have been published at Florence, and Tract distribution in Rome and elsewhere encouraged by liberal grants. In SPAIN the circulation from the depôts at Madrid and Barcelona has steadily increased, and Tracts have been widely distributed. In PORTUGAL new arrangements have been made for the depôts and the work grows steadily. The Soldier's Institute at GIBRALTAR has received fresh supplies, and so have the garrison and the sailors at MALTA and at CYPRUS. In GERMANY both the business and the distribution of the Berlin Society have grown. Colporteurs in all parts have been supplied. The Hamburg, Baden, Bremen, Breslau, Elberfeld, and other Societies have been aided in their work. In AUSTRIA the depôts at Vienna, Gratz, and Lemberg, flourish, and new Publications have been issued in POLISH and RUTHENIAN. The Comenius Society in BOHEMIA

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

LONDON : 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, AND 164, PICCADILLY.
BRIGHTON : 31, WESTERN ROAD. MANCHESTER : 100, CORPORATION ST. LIVERPOOL, 18, SLATER ST., BOLD ST.
Secretaries, { REV. LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.,
 { REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

I shall have pleasure in subscribing to the Funds of the Society the
sum of £..... payable annually at the
..... quarter.
(Or,)

I shall be happy to give the sum of £..... as
a Donation to the Funds of the Society.

Name.....

Address.....

MISSIONARY FUNDS.

On the other side will be seen a statement as to the amount and use made of the Missionary Funds.
Payments should be sent to the Secretaries, and all cheques, etc., be drawn in the name of Mr. JOSEPH TARN.

The EXPENDITURE of the MISSIONARY FUNDS last year amounted to nearly £168 each working day, or £996 per week.

Total Circulation from the commencement of the Society, 2,192,589,870.

The Religious Tract Society.

INSTITUTED 1799.

Special attention is asked to some of the modes in which the work of the Society is done, and to facts which illustrate its wide usefulness.

MISSION PRESSES.

Every year the whole Foreign Mission Field receives help in various ways, and Missionaries of all Evangelical Churches testify that their usefulness is largely dependent upon the activity of the Printing Presses, which are entirely, or in great part, sustained by the grants from the Society's funds.

In China, Japan, India, Burmah, the Indian Archipelago, Africa, and Syria, thirty-eight Branch or Corresponding Societies and Mission Presses are thus directly aided.

CONTINENTAL WORK.

On the Continent of Europe a large sum is spent every year in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Austria, Russia, Greece, and Turkey, in aid of the production and distribution of a Protestant Evangelical Literature.

WHAT THE SOCIETY DOES AT HOME.

At Home during the current year Libraries have been granted at greatly reduced price, and in some cases entirely free, to

- 425 Districts, Parishes, and Congregations;
- 637 Sunday and Day Schools;
- 21 Workmen's Clubs and Coffee Rooms;
- 96 Hospitals, Union Houses, Prisons, and Asylums;
- 28 Soldiers' and Sailors' Institutions;
- 109 Ministers on Ordination, and to Evangelists, £10 Library Grants on payment of £3 15s.
- 36 Colleges and Teachers—grants at half-price.

Since 1832 no less than 36,333 Libraries have been thus granted, and the Committee feel justified in believing that the circulation of so large a number of healthy religious and entertaining books cannot but have been a great help to the work of Ministers of the Gospel.

Tract Circulation, chiefly in Great Britain, has amounted during the same period to 33,249,800 Copies. A very large number of these have been granted free, and the remainder at half subscriber's price—i.e., 20s. worth for 7s. 6d.

EMIGRANTS CARED FOR.

To Emigrants leaving their native land nearly 31,427 packages of good reading have been distributed from London, Liverpool, Plymouth, Greenock, etc., during the year ending March 31, 1883.

TOTAL CIRCULATION.

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HOW THE FUNDS ARE USED.

All Contributions are devoted to the Missionary Work of the Society without any deduction whatever; the whole cost of management and administration being charged upon the Trade Funds.

The Committee, in humble dependence on God, desire that the work, requiring large means to maintain, should be vigorously carried on, and extended where the demand for its extension arises. They, therefore, with confidence, appeal for support to all those who are striving for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

Association Secretaries.—England, REV. CYRIL WILLIAMS, A.K.C., and REV. WM. WILLIAMS, Lancashire and Yorkshire District, MR. RICHARD BUTCHER.
Scotland, REV. DR. CATHCART. Ireland, REV. WILLIAM IRWIN. Wales, REV. THOMAS LEVL.
Continent, REV. DR. CRAIG. Corresponding, MR. D. JAMES LEGG.

has been enabled to publish several important works, and the American Missionaries have received help. In HUNGARY works are issued in seven languages, and colporteurs assisted in distributing them. In RUSSIA, in spite of hindrances, the work of Tract distribution has gone on from St. Petersburg, and a large distribution took place at the Moscow Exhibition with remarkable encouragement. Riga and Warsaw have been centres of continued activity. Tract Distribution Societies and Evangelical Periodicals have been helped in SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, and HOLLAND. Colportage work in SERBIA and CROATIA has been encouraged. "Come to Jesus" has been published and rapidly sold in ROUMANIA. The stock of evangelical literature in BULGARIA and TURKEY has been increased by the Society's grants, and valuable work has been done by its aid in GREECE.

ASIA.

The Committee at SMYRNA has been actively at work. In SYRIA Arabic Books and Tracts and Periodicals have been published and sold. More than £1,657 has been granted in aid of Vernacular publication work in INDIA. Missionaries of all Evangelical Societies, Chaplains, and many private Distributors have received grants of Books and Tracts. The Tract distribution in CEYLON has gone on actively. The visit of Dr. Murdoch has stirred into increased activity the work in CHINA and JAPAN. The Annotated New Testament for the Nestorians of PERSIA is on the eve of completion.

AFRICA.

French, Spanish, and Arabic Tracts have been distributed in ALGERIA and TUNIS. In EGYPT a large distribution took place among the soldiers and sailors of the English Expedition. Watts's Catechism has been published in two of the languages of the Niger. Grants of English and Dutch Publications have been freely made for CAPE COLONY, NATAL, and the TRANSVAAL. The circulation of good literature has been helped in SIERRA LEONE, the GAMBIA, CAMEROONS and OLD CALABAR. The Friends' Mission Press and that of the London Missionary Society in MADAGASCAR have used Paper supplied by the Society. ST. HELENA and TRISTAN D'ACUNHA have received grants of Books.

AMERICA.

The British American Tract and Book Society has been largely helped. In NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEWFOUNDLAND, its colporteurs distribute the Tract grants, and Libraries are supplied at reduced prices to all parts of CANADA. The FRENCH CANADIANS have been cared for. Sailors' Missions at HALIFAX, QUEBEC, and other ports have been supplied. The Lumbermen's Mission has distributed the Society's publications in the backwoods. A number of Tracts have been published, and other work aided in MEXICO. JAMAICA, ANTIGUA, BAHAMAS, BARBADOES, MONTSERRAT, TOBAGO, ST. KITTS, ST. LUCIA, ST. VINCENT, TRINIDAD, and HAYTI have received grants. Several have been made to BRITISH GUIANA, and to SURINAM. Missionary work has been helped in the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, in URUGUAY; in BRAZIL and CHILI, and Tracts and Books have gone to the FALKLAND ISLANDS.

AUSTRALIA AND POLYNESIA.

In NEW SOUTH WALES, VICTORIA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, and TASMANIA Libraries have been supplied and Tracts distributed. The QUEENSLAND Government have been helped in providing Libraries for Emigrants. In NEW ZEALAND Sunday School Libraries have been largely increased by the Society's help, and grants have been made for Maori Publication. A Hymn Book has been printed for TAHITI. Paper has been sent to RAROTONGA and RAIA TEA. A good distribution has gone on in SAMOA.

CASH STATEMENT OF HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

RECEIPTS.			GRANTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Annual Subscriptions	6,669	4 8	Foreign Money Grants—		
Donations and Life Subscriptions ...	1,882	16 4	France	1,130	8 11
Contributions from Auxiliaries ...	1,832	4 7	Belgium	33	7 8
Legacies	3,536	2 0	Switzerland	205	0 0
Collecting Books	100	17 5	Italy	668	5 0
Anniversary and Congregational Col- lections	440	5 4	Spain and Portugal	1,210	19 5
Dividends on Stock—Special Gifts ...	60	15 4	Germany	1,021	8 0
Ditto "William Hollins' Fund" ...	14	12 9	Denmark, Sweden and Norway ...	224	12 2
Ditto School Board Prize			Austria	1,656	12 4
Guarantee Fund	487	6 8	Russia	936	0 7
			Turkey and Greece	850	17 1
			India	369	13 7
			China and Japan	1,683	18 7
			South America... ..	220	0 0
			Africa	30	0 0
			Grants of Printing Paper to India, Africa, Turkish Empire, Greece, Portugal, and Italy	1,784	2 2
Part Payments charged to Recipients of Grants of Tracts and Books ...	11,403	4 5	Electrotypes of Engravings	1,112	18 1
EXCESS OF GRANTS OVER RECEIPTS	25,574	8 5	Grants of Publications to Foreign Countries and Colonies	6,462	5 6
			Charges for Freight, Insurance, &c. ...	530	16 10
			Home Grants to Great Britain and Ireland	31,640	12 0
	£51,801	17 11		£51,801	17 11

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Treasurer.

EDWARD RAWLINGS, ESQ.

Hon. Secretaries.

THE REV. CANON FLEMING, B.D.

THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

Secretaries.

REV. LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.

REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

To whom all Letters (except business orders) may be addressed.

Cashier.—MR. JOSEPH TARN, to whom all business orders should be addressed, and Money Orders made payable.

Association Secretaries.—England, REV. CYRIL WILLIAMS, A.K.C., and REV. WM. WILLIAMS.
Lancashire and Yorkshire District—MR. RICHARD BUTCHER.

Wales, REV. THOMAS LEVI.

Scotland, REV. DR. CATHCART. Ireland, REV. WILLIAM IRWIN. Continent, REV. DR. CRAIG.
Corresponding, MR. D. JAMES LEGG.

Editors-in-Chief.—JAMES MACAULAY, ESQ., M.A., M.D.—Periodicals.

REV. RICHARD LOVEIT, M.A.—Books. REV. JOHN KELLY,—Tracts and "Tract Magazine."

The Society's Bankers.—MESSES. BARNETT, HOARES, & Co., Lombard Street.

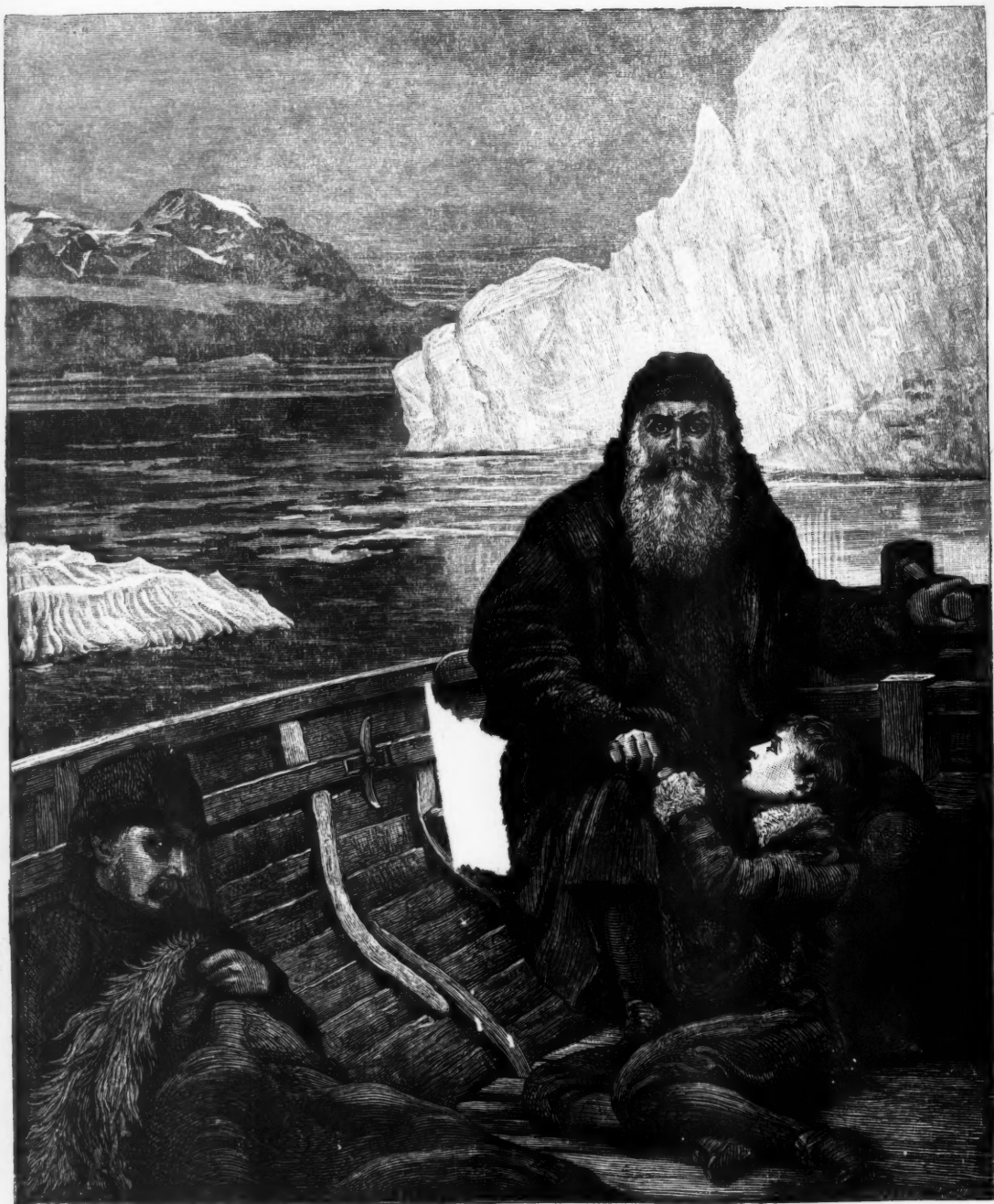
Collector.—MR. CHARLES MCCLURE, 56, Paternoster Row.

DEPOSITORIES—LONDON: 56, Paternoster Row, 65, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 164, Piccadilly.

BRIGHTON: 31, Western Road. MANCHESTER: 100, Corporation Street.

LIVERPOOL: 18, Slater Street, Bold Street.

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By Permission, from the Picture in the Royal Academy.]

[John Collier.]

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

Henry Hudson, the great navigator, made his last voyage to the Polar Seas in 1610. In the summer of 1611 his crew mutinied and set him adrift in an open boat, with his son, John Hudson, and some of the most infirm of the sailors. They were never heard of more.

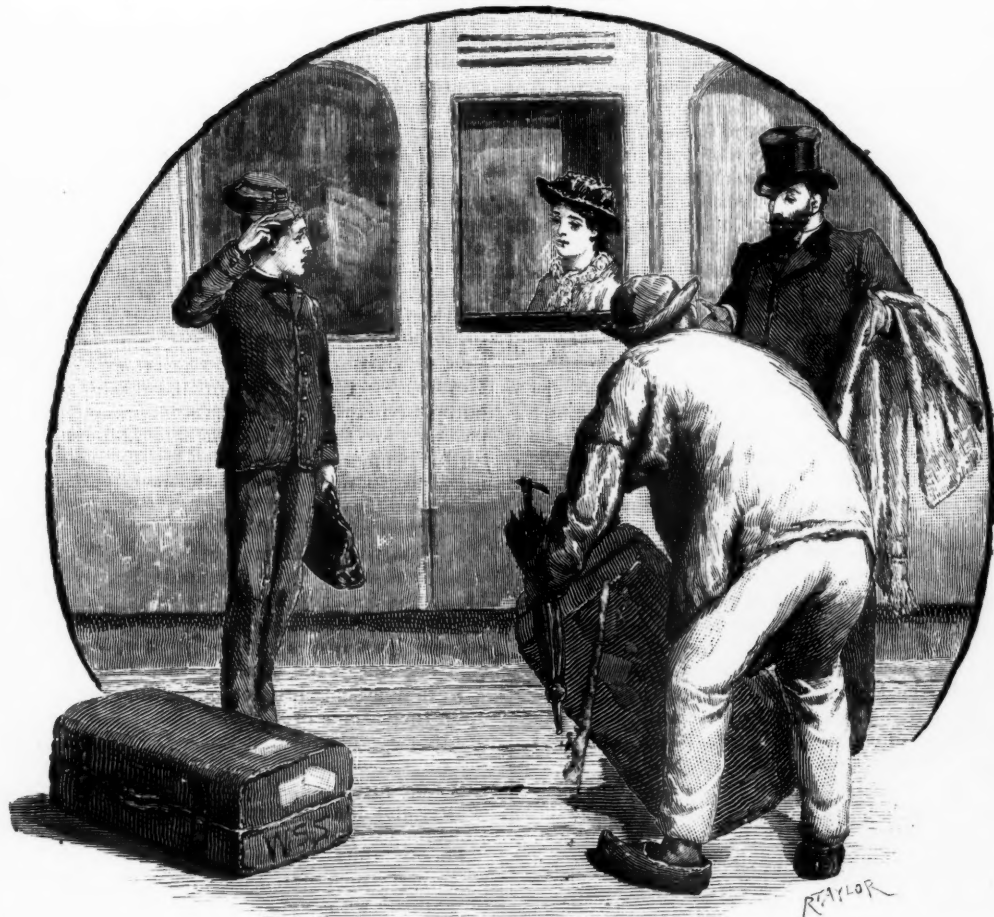
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NO CHOICE:

A STORY OF THE UNFORESEEN.

BY REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "STRAIGHT TO THE MARK," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE INITIALS.



SHE THANKED ADRIEN WARMLY IN HER OWN TONGUE.

Out of this fever—to the land of health,
To tread the sward of freedom, and inhale
The fresh pure atmosphere that freemen love.

C. Mackay.

HURRYING along through byways as one who fears detection or pursuit, though there were very few persons abroad at that early hour, Adrien Brooke directed his steps first towards the cemetery, that he might look once more upon his mother's grave. The gate was open, some men being already at work there preparing the numerous graves which were opened and closed every day, and he passed quickly through. The grass upon the little mound was withered away; but the wreath of wild flowers had lately been renewed, for it was fresh and fragrant. Who could have

done this? Adrien said to himself; not La Roche, certainly, nor Thérèse, for she had been otherwise engaged. It could be none other than Vernier; doubtless while he was at Versailles, not quite enjoying himself there, but amongst the crowd of pleasure-seekers, Vernier had spent a portion at least of his holiday in collecting and tying together these simple flowers as a token of his regard for the stranger who lay buried there. Adrien blessed him in his heart and knelt for some time beside the grave. Before leaving it he plucked two or three of the flowers from the wreath and folded them carefully in paper, to be carried with him as memorials both of his mother and of Vernier wherever he should go.

He was going to England of course. He had

no misgivings as to his journey or its consequences. He had been solemnly committed by his dying mother to the care and guidance of his Heavenly Father: here, upon her grave, he felt in his heart that she would have approved his purpose, and that the prayers she had offered up for him would be granted. The last thing his mother would have desired for him, nay more, the thing that she had always dreaded most, was that he should be employed, like her husband, in the office of the "Tisonneur:" on the other hand she had told him he must go to England and make himself a name there: she had hoped herself to witness his career at the university and the bar or the church. Now that she was dead he was but carrying out her wishes, and he did not doubt that the gracious Providence so earnestly invoked in his behalf would go with him and make his way plain before him.

Adrien had resolved, with a view to elude pursuit, to make his way on foot to one of the smaller stations of the railway and to join the train at a distance of some ten or twelve miles from Paris. He thought it probable that La Roche, on hearing of his departure, would fall into a paroxysm of excitement and would use every means in his power to overtake and bring him back to Paris. If, however, he could succeed in concealing his whereabouts for a few days, he might reckon upon being forgotten: at all events he did not think that his disappearance would be the cause of any serious or lasting concern to his stepfather. There were others who would no doubt be anxious and unhappy about him, and it grieved him to be obliged to keep them in suspense; but he hoped soon to be able to give a good account of himself. He was going to his own country, to England—the England of his imagination. Once arrived there all would go well with him. The only serious difficulty that he could apprehend at present was to get out of France.

As he tramped along, up to his ankles in dust, he could not help thinking of the expedition he had made only a few days before with Thérèse, and of her touching complaint—*Ah que poussière!* He had been vexed with her for thinking of her bonnet and dress at a time when his own heart was afflicted with graver cares; but he thought of Thérèse now with affection and regret, and almost wished that she were again plodding along by his side.

It was terribly fatiguing this long walk in the heat of the morning. Adrien had overestimated his strength, and began to doubt whether he would be able to perform the distance which he had proposed to himself in time for the train. He halted and got some coffee at a house by the roadside; but took alarm when the host began to ask him from mere curiosity whence he had come and whither he was going.

Draconneau—that was the man's name—came and sat opposite his guest at the little table underneath the awning where the coffee was served, and finding that he could extract but little information from him, treated him to his own views and opinions instead.

He was a patriot, he—a lover of his country;

he would lay down his life for his country and for liberty. A time was coming (*voilà vous*) which would effect great changes for France, and perhaps for the world—for the universe! *Oh, oui!*

Then he went and fetched a newspaper and began to read one of its choicest paragraphs aloud. Adrien recognised with disgust the daily "Tisonneur."

"There!" said the man, at the close of a violent revolutionary article; "what think you of that? That is written by one of my neighbours, Monsieur Noixdegalle; you have heard his name, no doubt; a powerful orator and a patriot."

Yes, Adrien knew the man only too well, and the man knew him. If Noixdegalle were indeed a neighbour or friend of Draconneau, he might appear at any moment, and the consequences would be embarrassing.

"I am a Frenchman, I," said Draconneau, with a flourish. "That is a name of glory—glory! The time is not far distant when the people, the people, I say, shall rule France, and then France shall rule the world! What say you?"

Adrien would rather not have said anything, but he had given the man a five-franc piece in payment for the coffee, and was obliged to wait for his change.

"You do not agree with me?" Draconneau asked.

"Not entirely," said Adrien.

"Then you are no true Frenchman."

Adrien would have assented heartily to that, but it was better to keep silence.

"Paris," Draconneau went on—"Paris, as every one knows, is the centre of the world—the central point of the whole earth. Is it not so?"

Adrien assented. Any point and every point upon the surface of a globe might be in one sense or other a centre of that surface. He ventured to say so.

"No," cried the other; "there can be only one centre, and that is Paris. If you would read the 'Tisonneur' you would be aware of the fact."

Having thus spoken, with the air of an oracle, he turned and entered the house, taking the five-franc piece with him.

Two men appeared at this juncture on horse back in the distance, one of them bearing a strong resemblance, as Adrien fancied, to Monsieur Noixdegalle; and much as he regretted the loss of his money, he thought it best to continue his journey without more delay, and tramped on accordingly. The *égalité* which the host approved, extended, it would seem, to a community of goods, and was not only public and political in its nature, but private and personal. Draconneau sounded the five-franc piece, to see that it was a good one; and then, finding that his guest had departed, dropped it into his pocket, without taking the trouble to call after him.

"I ought to walk another ten miles for this," said Adrien to himself; "but I cannot. I have enough money to carry me to England, and then all will be right."

He pushed on as far as Louvres, having walked about fifteen miles, and then took the train for

Boulogne. It was a slow one, stopping at every station. At Abbeville, which was not reached till late in the evening, the fast train from Paris came up, and the passengers alighted for refreshment. Many of them were English, going on express to Folkestone, and Adrien contemplated them with much interest, wishing he could join their company and hasten on his journey. They were his compatriots, but they did not so much as look at him, being wholly absorbed in taking care of themselves at the buffet. If he had not fully made up his mind to be on good terms with everything English, he might perhaps have criticised their appearance and manners, but he felt nothing but pleasure at finding himself in their company, and congratulated himself that within twenty-four hours they should all be in England together—"Old England," he called it, enthusiastically, though everything in the country was not only new to him but altogether unknown, except from the reports of others. It delighted him to hear the English tongue spoken, though he was not so well able to catch what the various speakers said as he had expected to be; they spoke with their mouths full, and seemed to be grunting at each other rather than articulating. Adrien's English, as he had heard it hitherto, had been literally his "mother" tongue; very rarely had it been spoken by any one else in his hearing, and the muttered remarks which passed between the travellers while engaged at the buffet were very different from the silvery tones and clear pronunciation to which he had been accustomed. He did not doubt, however, that he should soon become used to the unfamiliar sounds, and feel as much at home with the language as he meant to be with the habits and sentiments of the great British people.

In his enthusiasm he ventured to address some casual remark to one of the travellers, a large and important-looking person who was standing on the platform, looking about him as if the station and everything else that he surveyed belonged to him, or as if at least he might have bought it if he had been so disposed.

The individual addressed answered only with a momentary look of surprise and an impatient "*Commong? reeang pour vous: reeang, ally vous ong.*"

So, then, he had taken him for a Frenchman and a beggar! It was not very surprising. Adrien's clothes were of the usual French cut, while the *poussière* lay so thick upon them as to give them a very shabby appearance. His cheeks, and lips also, were begrimed with the dust. If he had looked at himself in one of the *glaces* with which the waiting-rooms were furnished, he would not have been so much surprised at the Great Briton's mistake.

He had not recovered from this rebuff when the passengers began to hurry to their seats. Time was up, and there was a general movement on the platform. The large passenger was one of the first to take his place, but he had scarcely done so when a young lady, who evidently belonged to him, uttered some little ejaculation and ran along the platform towards the waiting-room. A minute

later Adrien saw her speaking to one of the porters, who did not seem to understand what she wanted. He ran at once to the spot and offered his services as an interpreter. The young girl turned to him with a look of relief, and addressed him in clear, fluent, and intelligible English. Her voice was soft and musical, her articulation distinct, her words, though referring only to some ordinary matter, elegantly chosen; so, at least, it seemed to Adrien, so much so that the two or three phrases she used dwelt in his memory long afterwards. She had lost something, having left it, as she believed, in the waiting-room; but it was not to be found there. She had, in her haste, not sufficient French at her command to describe the article which she had missed, and there was not a moment to be lost. Adrien made inquiry, recovered it for her from a passenger who had taken it by mistake, and hastened with her to the train—only just in time. If he had not assisted her to reach the carriage and to enter it she would have been left behind.

Her father was evidently annoyed with her.

"What are you thinking of?" Adrien heard him say, crossly. "How very foolish of you!"

Adrien felt as if he would like to "punch his head," *à l'Anglaise*.

The young "Miss" (*à l'Anglaise* again) looked out of the window and thanked Adrien warmly in her own tongue; it was so kind of him, she said, and she was so much obliged. Then the train glided swiftly out of the station, and she was gone.

Gone like a sunbeam when clouds are rising; nothing left but the bare station, the platform, the French porters, and the French passengers waiting for their slow train to take them to their French homes. Adrien remained motionless, gazing after the retreating express, until pushed aside by some of the officials with a "*Pardon, monsieur!*" Even then the image of the young English girl seemed to be still before him. It was not surprising that she had made such a deep impression upon him. She was very bright-looking and comely; her features were regular and expressive; her eyes large, dark, and eloquent; her complexion fair and fresh; while the general expression of her face was singularly pleasing and intelligent. Her voice and manner were entirely free from affectation, and the evident sincerity with which she expressed her thanks to Adrien for the trifling service he had rendered her, and the fact that she recognised him as a fellow-countryman, even in the disguise of which he had now become painfully aware, enchanted him. Oh, that he could have followed her at once in the same train to offer his services again at the next station, and be again rewarded with a smile and the sound of that sweet musical voice! She was going, of course, to Boulogne, and thence to England. She would have crossed the Channel before he, in his slow, tedious train, would have reached the coast. It was not likely that they would ever meet again. Adrien did not even know her name, nor where she dwelt. Then he remembered that the gentleman with whom she was travelling, and who was evidently her father—

though there was no likeness, oh no, not the least!—had looked down upon him, had spoken roughly to him, and had taken him for a Frenchman and a beggar. He had possibly by this time expressed the same opinion of him to his daughter, and she could have no assurance that the description was not true.

It was mortifying to think that such things might be said, and that he would have no opportunity of contradicting them. But what did it signify? The vision had come and gone; it had passed away, leaving him no clue, and there was an end of it. The sudden appearance and departure of this fair girl reminded him, though he could not but smile at the thought, of the white dove which had visited his window at the time of his great sorrow, coming and going mysteriously, like a spirit, or phantom, as Thérèse had said. The pigeon had left a feather from one of its wings, and he had it safely in his pocket-book, a kind of talisman, or token of good, as he liked to think. What would he not have given to possess some relic of the fair stranger who had just left him, and of whom no trace remained?

No trace! Why what was this in his hand? Something white, fluttering. In an instant he remembered that the young English girl, as she was hastening to her train, had dropped her handkerchief, and that he had snatched it up, but, in the hurry and distraction of the moment, had omitted to return it to her. He clasped it between his hands in ecstasy. Here was the very thing he had desired, the link which seemed to connect him with an unseen and of course romantic future. He thrust it into his bosom, keeping his hand pressed against it constantly to secure it, but hiding it jealously from the observation of his fellow-travellers. It would not be fair to the young enthusiast to lay before the reader all the thoughts and fancies which passed through his mind during the next half hour. The fair stranger was English, and he was English also, and on his way to England; that was perhaps the only practical point in his speculations, the only substantial basis of his castle-building. English—yes. "*Non Angli sed angeli*," he repeated to himself. The old saying of Pope Gregory was still true, if all the English were like her. But no! he did not think there could be one other like her anywhere, not even in England. She was as an angel to him, at all events, and he had her pocket-handkerchief in his bosom.

Angels and pocket-handkerchiefs! There was a confusion of ideas somewhere, but he did not stop to analyse the question.

He looked into the handkerchief, however, as soon as he could find an opportunity, admiring the fineness and softness of the material, and the slight perfume which arose from it. It was a plain handkerchief, intended rather for mortals than for angelic beings, rather for use than show; it had no lace nor ornament about it; but in one corner, to his great delight, he found some initials embroidered M. N. E.

Here was a clue! here was an opening for him—to speculate upon at least, if not to follow. M. N. E.! What could the letters stand for?

What could they mean? He thought immediately of his catechism, and of the first question and answer in it.

Question.—What is your name?

Answer.—N. or M.

Here he had both N. and M., but they did not help him much to the name he wanted.

He applied himself to the other letters N. E. North-East of course occurred to him. The course to England was north-west; but that had nothing to do with it. M. N. E.! It was a difficult clue to follow under the circumstances. If only he could have had another letter or two! But there was no more prospect of that than of the whole name. He must be satisfied, for the present, with the initials. Time and chance would, he had very little doubt, fill up the blanks.

Yet he could not refrain from speculating upon the Christian names at all events. M might be Mary, or Margaret, or Martha, or Matilda, or Madelon—psha! she was not a *French* girl—Maud. There seemed to be a great many M's in the Christian nomenclature, and it was difficult to choose among them. Mary was the best; she did not look like a Matilda or a Martha; she looked liked Mary; he could fancy her Mary; and he could not carry his speculations any farther. But he sat still, occupied with his own thoughts, and, like a true Briton, did not exchange a single word with either of his fellow-passengers, who kept up a lively conversation among themselves, until, at a late hour in the evening, the train ran into the terminus at Boulogne.

CHAPTER VIII.—BILLINGSGATE.

This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realm, this England,
Dear for her reputation through the world!
Shakespeare.

Rude am I in my speech.—*Ibid.*

THERE was a vessel lying at the pier with steam up, which was to cross over to Folkestone that night. Adrien would gladly have gone to Folkestone. The owner of the pocket-handkerchief had most likely gone forward by that route: he might possibly trace her to her home, and wait upon her there with the handkerchief: he would be rewarded with another smile, and would learn the full name, but would have to give up the handkerchief itself with the initials. He counted his money, and weighed the pros and cons. The contents of his purse were soon told. The five-franc piece which he had left at the roadside *café* was a very serious loss out of so little. There was a steamer early the next morning direct for London Bridge at a low fare. The route *via* Folkestone was much more expensive, and would have taken nearly all that he possessed. He wanted also to see the Thames and the shipping, of which he had heard a great deal. But it was the low state of his funds that decided him. He had been mistaken for a beggar, and did not want to become one. That five-franc piece would have made all the difference. What "all the difference" might have amounted to he could not

tell. He might have overtaken the fair passenger, or he might not, and that again might have led to very delightful consequences or the contrary. Now, however, the little romance seemed to have come to an end; the dream was over almost before it had begun. "Ah, Monsieur Draconneau," he exclaimed, bitterly, as he turned away from the quay where the Folkestone steamboat was lying, "you do not know the extent of the injury you have done me!"

That was perfectly true, but neither did any one else.

Adrien secured a berth in the London packet, and went on board at once. It saved him the cost of a bed on shore. He lay down; but, though very tired, everything about him was so strange that he could not sleep, and, as he reviewed the events of the day, he could not help feeling rather ashamed of himself. What! had he, too, so soon forgotten his sorrow? had he cast off, even for an hour or two, the burden of his grief? He had been very indignant with Thérèse, to say nothing of La Roche, for her want of feeling. Had he also allowed his thoughts to be so soon diverted from the memory of his dear mother by the momentary appearance of a stranger, whom he had never seen before, and, probably, would never see again? In the morning weeping at his mother's grave, and at night lamenting because he could not follow more quickly in pursuit of one whose name even he did not know!

But he kept the initials in his bosom nevertheless, and when he at length fell asleep they remained still clasped in his hand.

The Thames, it must be confessed, was well worth seeing. They passed the white cliffs of the Kentish coast soon after daylight, and entered the river when the sun was shedding its early rays upon their track. The sunbeams fell upon the wide-spread sails of a fine East Indiaman, taking advantage of the fair wind to enter the river; upon the gilded bows of steamboats meeting them, loaded with merchandise and passengers; upon dingy colliers floating slowly up with the tide; upon pleasure yachts with topsails set, fine and white as linen; upon fishing-boats returning from their work half filled with glittering fish; upon innumerable sailing-boats of all kinds, filling up a lively picture, over which the morning mist hung like a thin gauze, so light and transparent that it seemed almost as if the air itself were rendered visible by the penetrating sunbeams.

As the steamboat advanced up the river, the ships of all kinds and of all nations passing both ways increased in number. Steam-tugs were towing large vessels laden with the merchandise of India, whose weather-beaten appearance told of the tempests they had encountered and the dangers past; while other ships and barques, as bright as new paint and holystone could render them, were making their way down stream to tempt the waste of waters and the stormy winds that "sweep o'er the deep."

Adrien had heard a great deal of the commerce of Great Britain, but had never seen a ship of any size until this day. There were vessels just as large and as fair to look upon in the ports of France,

but he had never visited them, and would not perhaps have thought so much of them if he had. And, in point of fact, nowhere else but in England could he have seen so many vessels at once in full activity, sailing or in dock, loading or discharging cargo; nowhere else such forests of masts, grouped together in the open water, or apparently land-locked, surrounded by miles of warehouses and dwellings. These are familiar sights to most Englishmen, but they were new to Adrien, and awakened in his breast new thoughts and aspirations, foremost among which was the pride of feeling himself a true Briton, and the conviction that here, in his own country, in the presence of so much wealth and activity, the way to success was open to him. He had only to put his shoulder to the wheel, as he meant to do with true British pluck and resolution, and there was no knowing to what heights of distinction he might attain.

Ah, but the wheel! What wheel? When would it be found? There are many wheels in London, it is true; but many shoulders also, clustering round them, eager to find work in turning them. Adrien's hopes were high, but vague; his courage was good, but he knew nothing yet of the field in which the battle of life was to be fought out. It was well for him that underneath his own strong resolution and the confidence he reposed in his own country, that new-found land of which he expected so much but knew so little, he cherished a more sure dependence upon a Higher Power, and committed himself at the beginning of this new enterprise to the care of Him who alone ruleth in the kingdom of men and ordereth all their ways.

Arrived at last! The vessel was quickly moored to the quay. A crowd of porters jumped upon her decks, followed by a multitude of friends, parents, and other relatives who had come to meet passengers. Up to this moment Adrien had experienced nothing but pleasure in the changing scenes which passed before him; but now a feeling of depression began to creep over him. Here were fathers and mothers embracing their children, wives welcoming their husbands, friends shaking hands warmly, a Babel of voices, every one pleased and happy. But he knew no one; not a creature spoke to him, except to bid him stand aside out of their way. Even the porters found more promising objects for their services than the young foreign-looking boy, with a brown bag in his hand—all his property, as they rightly judged; and they left him to himself. There was no custom-house for him to visit, as he had expected. The officer bade him pass on without so much as opening his bag; and climbing up the steep gangway, Adrien Brooke went with a throng of others, not one of whom bestowed even a thought or a passing glance upon him, through the gates, and out into the streets or London.

Standing still, not knowing which way to turn, oppressed with a feeling of loneliness in the midst of the passing, hurrying crowd of people, every one of whom had a home of some sort to go to, apparently, while he had none, Adrien looked first up and then down the narrow dirty street in which

he found himself, but could see nothing for the concourse of people. There was a great gloomy archway to his left, the dry arch of London Bridge, and he turned away from it, supposing that it led somewhere to the river-side which he had just quitted. Before him was a public-house, at the corner of a street still narrower than that in which he stood. Here some half dozen damp, greasy-looking individuals were lounging with their hands in their mouldy pockets, and their backs against the gaudy panels on which "Old Tom" or "Pineapple Rum" were advertised and recommended. He heard them talking to each other in loud, husky tones, as if the nap which had disappeared wholly from their clothes had got into their throats, as no doubt it had in one sense, and he heard them laughing at their own discourse; but though it could scarcely be anything but English from their lips, he could not understand a word they said, nor appreciate the wit of their remarks. Perhaps it was as well for him that he failed to catch their meaning. It was not the queen's English that they spoke, certainly, and anything but a pure well of English undefiled, such as he had hoped to meet with in his own country.

He turned away from this spot in haste, but without knowing where to go or what to do. Little more than a day and a night had passed since he first resolved upon this adventure, and his chief aim up to this moment had been to get safely to England. Well; here he was in England, and here were none but Englishmen about him. What was to be done next? that was now the question.

He presently became aware that the idlers of the public-house were looking at him and making him the object of their sarcasm. He might have paid them back in their own coin—grin for grin. There was quite as much to excite ridicule or contempt in them as in him; but he loathed the very sight of them, and shrank away almost in terror, lest they should speak to him or approach him. He turned and walked on, as chance would have it, towards Tower Hill. The road was blocked at every step with fish-carts. Damp, scaly men met him, carrying enormous loads of fish upon their backs in baskets or boxes. They plunged straight onward, no matter who might be in their way, thrusting to right or left, or down on to the muddy stones, any one who might be unfortunate enough to intercept them. Frequent disputes arose as a natural consequence, and they gave free play to the rough side of their tongues, rougher than the average of such evil members. The coarse abuse, the angry interchange of disgraceful epithets, the screaming and shouting and imprecations were beyond anything that Adrien had ever heard before. He was confused, not knowing what it was all about; everybody seemed to have gone mad, and he could only think of making his escape as soon as possible from the strange and shocking scene. But whither should he turn? In whatever direction he looked, fish-carts, fish-porters, fish-trucks, fish-baskets, fish-salesmen, and fish-fags met his view. On the slabs and stalls fish of all kinds were exposed for sale; fish flat and

round, fish long and short, soles and eels, turbot and mackerel, dried fish and fried fish, lobsters and crabs, shell fish of every sort, mussels, whelks, and winkles. Even the air was fishy, for some of the costermongers and porters, who had a dispute among themselves, were flinging stale fish at each other's faces. A flying-fish passed over Adrien's head through an upstairs window, into somebody's best bedroom perhaps; and another struck the bonnet of an elderly female, who, like Adrien himself, had lost her way, and knocked it off her head into the gutter.

Adrien, with his ready politeness, whether acquired in France or England matters not, lifted it from the ground and drew forth his handkerchief—not that with the initials M. N. E.—to wipe the dirt from it. The owner looked at him with surprise, and thanked him for his civility; and they turned together up a narrow lane to escape from the mob.

"Oh, what a dreadful place!" the woman exclaimed, looking at the damaged bonnet, and panting with the fright she had experienced.

"*C'est affreux!*" Adrien replied, forgetting, for the moment, his nationality.

"What do you say?"

"I say it is frightful! And is this London?"

"London? Why, yes; of course it is. What did you suppose it was?"

"I did not expect this," said Adrien, sadly. "Is London—all London—like this?"

"No, indeed; I should hope not. This is Billingsgate. I never was in Billingsgate before, and I will never come this way again if I can help it. What a mob! and what language!"

"Not English, is it?" Adrien exclaimed, with a sudden gleam of hope.

"You may well ask. But where do you come from?" the woman said, looking at Adrien doubtfully; "you seem rather a strange young person."

"I feel very strange," he answered, sadly. "I have just landed here from France, and everything is new to me, and different—so very different from what I had imagined."

"You speak English very well for a Frenchman."

"I am not French at all. I am a Briton."

"A Briton? An Englishman, I suppose, you mean? You don't look at all like one. It was more like French manners, too, from all I have heard, to pick up my bonnet for me. English boys would have kicked it about, more likely; street boys especially."

"I am not a street boy," said Adrien, drawing himself up proudly.

"Well, I know where I am now," said the woman; "this is the Monument. Which way are you going, mister—*monsieur*, I should say?"

At this question Adrien's countenance fell, for he again felt his loneliness.

"I hardly know," he answered. "I was going to inquire—"

"Well, that's London Bridge; and this is King William Street, City. The Bank is yonder, and that's where I am going for a 'bus."

Adrien had no particular business at the Bank;

but one direction was as good as another for him, and he followed his new acquaintance.

The woman looked at him suspiciously over her shoulder as if she did not desire his company, and when she reached the Mansion House got into an omnibus without another word, only jerking her head at him as a sort of "good-bye" from herself and her bonnet jointly.

Adrien stood still and looked about him. "These are fine buildings," he said to himself. "London is not all like that dreadful place where I disembarked. What a crowd is here! but peaceable and without disorder. How busy they all seem! Plenty of work for every one in this great city. Oh, yes; I shall soon be able to—"

"Move on!" said a voice close to his shoulder. "Move on, young man, move on!"

There were several policemen standing about at the entrance to the Mansion House; great, broad-chested, stalwart men; not at all like the *garde-municipal* of Paris, either in figure or uniform, but Adrien understood, by their appearance and manner, that they were of a similar order. He had a particular objection to the *garde-municipal*, but was prepared to look with quite a different feeling upon the police of London. Yet he did not like being moved on in this abrupt way, especially as he neither knew whither he was going nor how to get there.

He did as he was commanded, however, and mingling with the stream of passengers going westward, as it happened, "moved on" along Cheapside.

CHAPTER IX.—LEICESTER SQUARE.

The monster—London!—Cowley.

TO say that Adrien Brooke had formed no plans would hardly be correct. The hint which Thérèse had given him of La Roche's intention to find employment for him as interpreter and correspondent in the office of the "Tisonneur," led him to believe that a similar engagement might be open to him in a newspaper office in London. He knew nothing of the London papers, and was chiefly anxious to avoid entering the service of a disreputable or Communistic journal. There was plenty of choice for him, judging by appearances, for wherever he went boys were running to and fro, offering their papers for sale—"Globe," "Echo," "Pall Mall," "Standard"; these and half a dozen others were spread out upon the pavement, or fluttered from the eager hands of the newsvendors. These, too, were evening papers, though it was yet only a little after midday, and of course the morning papers must be even more abundant. Adrien thought it best, however, to spend the remainder of the day in seeking a lodging and looking about him generally; but after walking at random through many bye-streets in the City without discovering any *pensions*, or lodging-houses, of the kind that he desired, he found himself at length in Cheapside again, footsore, hungry, and without any better prospect of a resting-place than when he had first set foot upon English soil.

An idea presently occurred to him. In Paris guide-books were to be had; doubtless such helps were also to be obtained in London, where they seemed to be so much more necessary. Entering a bookshop he asked for a London Directory.

An enormous volume, numbering some thousand pages, was placed before him. He looked at it with amazement. The shopkeeper, not being particularly busy, asked him what place or person he wanted.

"I want a lodgment," he said. "I am a stranger here."

"Oh, I see," said the other; "but I don't know how I can help you. I should say, now, your best plan would be to go somewhere about Leicester Square way. You'll be sure to find something to suit you in that neighbourhood."

"Leicester Square! Where is that?"

The shopman went to the door and pointed out the direction he should take. "As straight as ever you can go," he said; and so started him.

Adrien passed through St. Paul's Churchyard, along Fleet Street and the Strand, and, by dint of frequent inquiries, found himself at last in Leicester Square. Here he was accosted by a commissionaire, who, noticing his foreign appearance and uncertain movements, spoke to him in French. The familiar sound was a great deal more agreeable to his ears than he could have anticipated. The man took him under his wing at once, and led him to a dingy-looking house in one of the narrow streets near the square. There he introduced him to the host, who gave him a hearty welcome, and showed him a public room, scantily furnished, and a bedroom at the top of the staircase, with sloping roof like Vernier's attic, only much smaller and not quite so clean. The charges, however, were moderate, and Adrien resolved to stay there for the present. Strange irony of fate; that he should flee from France only to take refuge in a Frenchman's house; that he should have repudiated the French language only to learn how vile and offensive an Englishman can make his own, and to hear the first words of hospitality, or at least of welcome, in the dialect which he had abjured; that he should find rest and comfort, almost a home, after the terrible loneliness and want of sympathy which had oppressed him while jostled by the London crowd, here, in the midst of a group of talkative Frenchmen, who, though he might not acknowledge them as compatriots, treated him as one, spoke kindly to him, and offered him all the assistance in their power, as brethren in a strange land.

It is unnecessary to describe the poor boy's wanderings, during the next few days, through the streets of London, in search of employment, or the disappointments and rebuffs which he experienced. Having procured a list of newspapers, and satisfied himself as to their character, he went from one office to another, beginning with the "Times," asking, with a simplicity which excited a great deal of amusement, to see the editor. Being required to state his business, he was dismissed with a summary reply that his services were not required. In one or two of the offices his youthful and foreign appearance, together with

the singularity of his application, led to some questioning, which, for the moment, excited his hopes. He was asked for references or testimonials, but of course had none to show. The address which he gave, Leicester Square, gave occasion for knowing looks and facetious remarks, the fun of which was beyond his comprehension. In short, after three days spent in fruitless applications of this kind, Adrien returned to his lodgings, jaded and depressed and almost in despair. This England which he had so longed to see, this refuge of the oppressed, this home of industry and civilisation, was not by any means the kind of place he had expected to find it. Nor, to say the truth, were the English compatriots, upon whose brotherly help and sympathy he had built his hopes, at all the sort of people he had fondly pictured to himself. Fraternité was no more of a reality in London than in Paris. Here, as there, "every one for himself" was the rule. Each Briton elbowed his neighbour, pushing on his own way, and caring very little for any one besides. He could not but think of the scene at Billingsgate, and of the fish-porters whom he saw there, forcing their way through the crowd, with the heavy loads of fish upon their backs, without the slightest consideration for any one who might happen to cross their path. "Is all London like this?" he had asked. He had been answered in the negative; but he did not feel so sure, after three days' experience of the city, that there was not something of truth in the surmise. Every man, it seemed, must here bear his own burthen; each would push on his way without care or thought for those who were thrust aside to the wall or to the gutter. It might, perhaps, be the same in Paris; but Adrien had not been exposed to it there. Nor would it have affected him in the same way, for he did not love Paris nor the French people generally. He had cast them off, and had boasted in his heart of his own superiority as an Englishman. Yet what did it amount to?

The poor boy was faint and hungry, for he had avoided the table at the boarding-house in order to save expense, and had fared very badly at the little coffee-houses or stalls where he had tried to satisfy his appetite. Everything there seemed to him coarse, unsavoury, and unclean. He had been delicately brought up at home, and the places to which he was now compelled to resort were much below the class that he had been accustomed to. English cookery he had heard much abused, but he had made up his mind to like it. English roast beef and plum-pudding he had been prepared to enjoy with all the zest of a true Briton. But now he had seen these dainties steaming in the windows of eating-shops, and had met men and boys coming out of the reeking atmosphere with penn'orths of the greasy pudding in their hands and slices of the sodden flesh in basins; and however keen his appetite, he could not bring himself to follow their example. Yet his slender means, reduced day by day, and without any prospect of replenishment, forbade him to indulge in food of a better kind or daintier aspect.

In spite of his care and self-denial, the small store which he had brought with him from Paris

was at length exhausted. Adrien Brooke paid his bill at the lodging-house, and finding but a few small coins remaining, thrust his hands disconsolately into his empty pockets, and sat down in gloomy silence, not knowing where his next meal was to come from, nor where he was to lay his head that night.

His dejected look and the pallor of his cheek, which told already of the privations he had endured, attracted the attention of one of his associates in the house, a Frenchman, who, though apparently in low water himself, had more than once shown kindness to the young fellow, pitying his youth and loneliness. To him Adrien was induced to confide the difficulties of his position. He wanted employment, he said; he did not care what it might be; he was ready to put his shoulder to the wheel; he had come to England in the hope of finding a good opening for energy and work. He had heard so much of England and the English people, to whom he properly belonged.

The sympathising Frenchman had divined all this. He was sorry; but what would you have? There were so many shoulders, and comparatively so few wheels. He was himself employed at one of the theatres, not as an actor, but a supernumerary. He might perhaps be able to introduce his young compatriot to a similar employment. Adrien still winced at the term compatriot, but did not repudiate it.

"Ah," cried the man, pointing his finger into the air. "Ah, I have an idea! There is a very fine play at our house just now; magnificent! In one of the scenes, which are all beautifully painted like nature itself by gaslight, only more natural and gorgeous, a great forest is represented; trees such as you never saw in your life—wonderful; and to make it more striking and natural there are living animals moving about among them—monkeys, baboons, and apes—which spring from branch to branch, and hang on by their tails. You are young, slight, active; you have long arms—fairly long, at any rate."

"What then?" Adrien asked.

"I am going to tell you. Our baboons are made up of young, slight, active fellows like yourself."

"You don't say so?"

"'Tis true; and happily for you, one of them has fallen sick with *rougeole* (measles); another was ailing to-day, perhaps also *rougeole*. Have you ever had *rougeole*?"

Adrien replied curtly that he had had measles.

"Then I will introduce you to our manager; with a little practice you will soon be equal to the part. Hanging on by the tail is the most difficult, but you need not do that at first. You might even go on this very night if they will have you. Wiggins's skin would just about fit you, and as you have had measles you need not fear to wear it. You will only have to creep about on all-fours and make chattering and gibberings, and so forth. There will be a score of others ready to take the place if we delay. I hope we shall not be too late; let us go after it at once. Why do you hesitate?"

Why did he hesitate? Why, indeed? Beggars

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must not be choosers. This then was to be the end of his ambition as a Briton. To put on a monkey's skin and a pasteboard head, and to imitate the gestures of an orang-outang! And his speech was to be neither French nor English, but brutal and gibberish noise. Yes, he must either do this or starve, and must make up his mind at once, a score of others being in the same predicament with himself, and ready to jump into Wiggins's head and skin. He made his choice without a moment's hesitation. He would starve.

"Then I am sorry," said his friend. "You will perhaps repent when it is too late."

Adrien rose to depart—whither he could not tell; but he would not stay any longer in the boarding-house. But the proprietor would not let him go. He must stay till the next morning, he said, at all events; and there—there was the table; Adrien must take his place at it once more. To-morrow the sun perhaps would shine (metaphorically, of course; literally it was not to be expected in London; London was not like Paris, as Adrien must know only too well), to-morrow might bring something good with it, even here, and Adrien must wait for it and be his guest that night. Were they not both Frenchmen? Strangers together in a foreign land? To-morrow he should go on his way, but to-night, no; after having been four days under his roof, and all paid so far, he must remain now as a friend and brother.

Adrien was deeply touched. Here was genuine kindness; his pride revolted a little, and he was not quite sure that he ought, after all that he had said and thought about not being a Frenchman, to accept of hospitality offered under such conditions. It would be more honourable after all to earn a shilling or two by acting a baboon than to be indebted to a stranger for his food and lodging. But that was an alternative which he could not accept. He would rather starve if good Monsieur Pouillac would let him; but the landlord was evidently sincere in his objection to such a last resort as that, and he submitted. Some day or other he hoped to be able to recompense him for his hospitality, though never for his kindness.

CHAPTER X.—FOUND.

I, to the world, am like a drop of water,
That, in the ocean, seeks another drop.

—Comedy of Errors.

THE next day Adrien Brooke again went forth in search of employment. The post which had been proposed for him the previous evening was still open to him, but he refused to have anything to do with it. To exhibit himself in public as a baboon, to go about making antics and gibbering upon the stage of a theatre; it might do for a—*Frenchman*, he would have said, but he dismissed that thought indignantly from his mind, and blushed to the forehead at having, even for a moment, conceived it. His ideas of to-day were very different from those of yesterday; his opinions of men and manners, countries and cities, had undergone a great change during the past week.

Any employment, however, would be better than that which had been offered him, and he resolved, since his applications at the newspaper offices had been so summarily rejected, to try for something of a more humble character. Passing through the streets, his ears were assailed by the sound of several voices, very gruff and inharmonious, proceeding from a group of labouring men, who seemed to be singing a dirge of some kind, pacing along slowly, and looking up at the windows of the houses and at the passengers on the footpaths as they did so. They were clad in fustian or corduroy, and looked strong and healthy, as if prepared for work, and equal to any work that might be offered them. But the burden of their song was that no work was to be had.

"We have got no work to do-o-o,
We can git no work to do-o-o;
How can a feller go to work
When he can't git work to do-o-o?"

Thus they sang or chanted, repeating the same words *da capo* without any pause or variety.

Adrien sympathised with them most heartily. He felt very sorry for them, but perhaps even yet more sorry for himself. He had tried literature without a prospect of success. These men were, to all appearance, the very bone and sinew of the labouring classes, equal to any amount of hard work, and ready to undertake it; yet they, like himself, were unable to obtain employment. If these stalwart Britons in the great metropolis of England could "get no work to do-o-o," what chance was there for him? The only advantage that he, as a gentleman born, seemed to have over them was that, being slight and active, with longish arms, he might, as a *dernier ressort*, personate an ape, which they could not. It was a doubtful privilege, and he obstinately refused to avail himself of it.

It was already past noon, and Adrien Brooke had not yet found any opening for his industry—not even a horse to hold or a parcel to carry—when, as he was walking slowly along one of the narrow lanes near Fleet Street, hovering still about the printing-offices, he heard a cry behind him, "Stop him! Stop thief!"

The next moment a boy rushed past him at full speed, turned the corner of the adjoining street, and disappeared. Adrien started in pursuit. His long legs and arms served him this time, and he soon overtook the boy and caught him by the collar.

The other struggled fiercely. "Let me go!" he said.

"No," said Adrien.

"Take that, then!"

At the same moment Adrien received a violent blow in the face. In spite of himself, he relaxed his hold of the boy's collar, and the young ruffian then succeeded in tripping him up and escaping.

"Stop him! Stop thief!"

The cry was repeated, and came nearer; and Adrien, recovering his feet, was about to start again in pursuit, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.



ADRIEN BROOKE IN TROUBLE.

"That's him!" cried a female voice, panting and breathless; "that's him! Hold him fast!"

"Go on!" cried Adrien; "that's the way he went—round that corner to the right! Make haste!"

"Oh, yes! I dare say! Where's a policeman?"

A policeman was presently found, and Adrien, scarcely yet realising that he was seriously accused of the theft which had been committed by another, endeavoured to explain what had taken place.

"My purse!" the woman cried—"where's my purse? Search his pockets."

"There's your purse," said the policeman, pointing to the ground; "he threw it away, of course."

Adrien again protested; and the policeman, not recognising in him the usual type of street ruffian, was disposed to believe his story, especially as his bleeding countenance bore the marks of truth upon it in colours which he could appreciate.

"Are you sure this is the boy that robbed you?" he asked.

"Of course it is."

"Why of course?"

"Why, who else could have done it?"

"You had better come to the station," the policeman said, unable to reply to such a question.

A crowd had already collected; and Adrien, fuming with wrath and indignation, went with the policeman and his accuser. This was the

worst thing that had befallen him yet. He wondered whether a mistake of this kind would have occurred in Paris. The London police, he began to think, were, to say the least, as little discriminating as the *garde-municipal*. Of course it was only a temporary mistake, but it argued a great want of judgment on the part of the policeman to mistake him for a pickpocket.

There was justice in England, at all events, whatever else there might not be, and he did not doubt that he should be able to set himself right before the proper authorities. Yet, on second thought, he did not feel quite so sure even about that. Everything seemed so different from what he had expected in this country. And, in the meantime, what a degraded, miserable position was his! Paraded through the streets as a thief, with a crowd of dirty-looking spectators following at his heels, or pushing past him to look back in his face and grin. It would have been much better to have played baboon upon the stage than to be thus exposed.

Arrived at the station, the woman, who, having recovered her purse, wanted nothing more, would have withdrawn her charge against Adrien. She could not swear to his identity; she thought the boy that ran away might have been a trifle shorter, and not so slim; she didn't know what to think about it, she was sure. Adrien was searched, but nothing found upon him except a few pence and one or two other trifles. They asked him his

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name, where he lived, and what had brought him to London. Some of these questions were embarrassing, but he answered them candidly and freely.

"It's a mistake," said the officer; "this boy is all right. His story is quite straightforward, and he ought not to have been brought here."

"What's this, though?" said another, drawing a cambric handkerchief from Adrien's breast-pocket.

Adrien coloured up and was evidently confused.

"Your name is Adrien Brooke, you say," said the policeman, "and your initials, according to that are A. B. What does this stand for, here, in the corner—M. N. E.?"

"I can't tell you," said Adrien; "I don't know."

"How did this handkerchief come into your possession?"

Adrien told him.

The officers conferred together for a few moments, and then Adrien was told that he must go before the magistrate.

The court was close at hand and was then sitting, and after a short delay the case was introduced. It did not occupy much time. Adrien gave his account of the affair. He did not look like a pickpocket, and the prosecutrix not being at all sure that he was the person who had robbed her, there was really no case against him. But then the discovery of the handkerchief was brought forward.

"Is it your own handkerchief?" the magistrate asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Whose is it?"

"I do not know. It belongs to a lady. I picked it up for her and forgot to give it her."

"Forgot?"

"Yes, sir," and he explained where and how the affair had happened.

"Can you call witnesses to character?" the magistrate asked.

"No, sir. I am a stranger in London, and do not know any one."

At this juncture, when things seemed to have taken a turn against him, an officer entered the court, and handed a paper to the magistrate, speaking at the same time a few words in an undertone. The magistrate looked at the paper and at Adrien; then, bidding him come nearer, examined his features more carefully.

"You are discharged," he said; "but you must be more cautious in future."

"More cautious!" Adrien said to himself, as he turned to leave the court. What could that mean? Was he to beware of stopping any one who might be running off with some one else's purse? That was quite in accord with the lessons he had been taught already in the streets of London, where every one seemed to take care only of himself, and to leave others to do as they might, or could. Or could it be that he was still looked upon as a pickpocket, notwithstanding his acquittal, and advised to be more cautious in future lest he should be found out? That had been the rule in Sparta. Theft was of no consequence there as long as it was

undetected; to be found out was the crime. London might be like Sparta in this respect, he thought.

Adrien Brooke left the court in a state of perplexity and anger, and turned into the street again. Where was he to go next? he asked himself. What was to become of him?

The former of these questions was promptly answered in a way which might possibly lead to a solution of the latter also.

"Come this way, young man," said one of the inspectors who had followed him. "Come into my office. I have got something to say to you. Look here," he continued, when Adrien had obeyed him; "what do you call this?"

He held up a *carte-de-visite* and a letter, the same which had already been delivered to the magistrate in court.

"Comment?" cried Adrien: "where did you get that from?"

"You recognise it?" said the inspector, who had been watching his face intently, and appeared to be satisfied with the scrutiny.

"Mais certainement. I beg your pardon. Yes, of course I do. It is myself. It was done in Paris. How came it here?"

"It has been sent to every police-station in London," said the inspector, "with your name and description attached. Here it is; here's the information."

"But what does it mean?" cried Adrien, when he had read it.

"Left his home," said the officer, pointing to the paper with his fore-finger. "Friends making inquiry; that's it. And now that we have found you, I must report to the agent."

"What agent?"

"Foreign Scholastic Agent, Bernard and Co., Oxford Street. Application has been made to them by some of your friends in Paris. You may as well walk along there at once with me."

Adrien began to protest.

"What! you don't like the look of it, don't you? Wait a moment, then. I'll be ready for you in half a jiffy." And he left the room.

Adrien did not know how long a half jiffy might be, nor a whole one either. He had never heard of such a measure of time; and before he had leisure to think about it, the inspector returned, looking like another man. He had doffed his uniform, and appeared in plain clothes, the change being effected almost as quickly as in one of those character-sketches where the performer ducks down behind a little table and comes up again the next instant another being.

"Now you'll go along with me, won't you?" the inspector asked; and without waiting for an answer, led the way.

"What was that word you used?" Adrien said, anxious always to perfect himself in the English tongue. "Was it *jiffy*?"

"Yes."

"How long is a jiffy—a whole one?"

"A jiffy!—how long is a jiffy? Fancy not knowing that! But of course you are only a foreigner. Every Englishman knows his own tongue—or ought to."

"But how long is it?" Adrien persevered.

"How long? Oh my! what a question!"

He seemed to have a difficulty in answering it, though, and, perhaps in order to escape the necessity, changed the subject.

"By-the-by," he said, "what made you tell the court that you were English? It went against you, that did."

"But I am English; my father and mother were both Britons born."

"Ah! but you should not have said that you were English; it went against you in the court, that did. You are French all over. His worship did not believe you—how could he? If it had not been for that photo and letter being handed up it might have been awkward for you."

Adrien, who was not so much inclined to insist upon his nationality now as he had been a few days back, made no reply, and they presently arrived at Bernard and Co.'s office.

A letter was waiting for him there from Herr Pracht.

Adrien's sudden flight had caused great alarm in the Rue Jean Jacques. No one had any idea whither he was gone or where to look for him until Herr Pracht, remembering the conversation he had had with him a short time before in the train from Versailles, jumped to the conclusion that he had gone to England. The police were at once communicated with, a description of the fugitive was forwarded, together with a photograph, which, being multiplied as required, was sent to all the police centres in London. And thus he had been recognised.

Herr Pracht's letter was full of comfort for Adrien. Monsieur La Roche was anxious to know that he was safe, and would transmit money for his immediate wants. He did not require him to return to Paris; he might remain in England if he wished to do so, and arrangements would be made as soon as possible for his maintenance there. Adrien sent a telegram at once to Herr Pracht, and decided to remain at Monsieur Pouillac's lodging-house near Leicester Square until he should hear from him again.

The next day, as he was passing near the police-court, relieved now from all anxiety, and only waiting further communications from Paris, a carriage passed him, one of the occupants of which he had seen before. But where? Could it be—yes, certainly, it was the tall important Englishman—the Great Briton to whom he had spoken on the platform at Abbeville. He was not alone in the vehicle. There was a female form beside him, but Adrien could not see her face; his heart rose almost to his lips as he looked after the carriage and assured himself that it was indeed the man—the father of the initials. And who else could his companion be but the owner of the handkerchief, "M. N. E."? He would have followed the carriage, but that was next to impossible, for the streets were crowded, and the carriage was well horsed and skilfully driven.

He turned, therefore, to the police-station instead. Possibly M. N. E. and her father had been there to inquire for him. He was correct in this surmise. A gentleman had called there, they told him, and had asked about him. He had

seen a report of the affair of the purse and handkerchief in the papers, and wished to make it known that the account Adrien had given was correct. The handkerchief belonged to the lady, and had been lost exactly in the way described. They did not want it; it was of no value; but they feared the young man might have got into trouble about it.

"Did they give their name—their address?" Adrien exclaimed.

"No; they said it was of no consequence."

"Did they ask for mine?"

"Oh no, not they. That was of no consequence neither."

Adrien turned away to conceal his disappointment. He had been so near the object of his boyish devotion, and had lost her a second time. Now she was gone again, swallowed up in the crowd, absorbed in the three millions of Londoners. Three millions to one that he should ever see her again! He did not even know her name; she was nothing but initials—M. N. E. Her handkerchief alone remained.

Yet already she had twice crossed his path, each time by a mere chance. Why might not the same thing happen once again? "*Alle gute dinge sind drei*," he had heard Herr Pracht remark. These glimpses of one so fair, so gentle, and so kind, were good things, very good things. They would have been better if they had lasted longer. The third time would come, perhaps, and make up by its duration for the shortness of the other two.

Thus Adrien endeavoured to console himself under the tantalising trial; but he was restless and out of sorts all the afternoon. His friend, the supernumerary, persuaded him to go in the evening to see the baboons in the wilderness; and either their grimaces, or the reflection that he was not himself brought to so low a condition as to be obliged to take part in them, afforded some alleviation of his sorrow, though he reproached himself, between the acts, for allowing himself to be thus enticed and comforted.

CHAPTER XI.—LIFE-PERILOUS.

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off, when I come on? How then?—*Shakespeare*.

ADRIEN'S telegram to Paris brought a speedy reply from Herr Pracht, in the following terms:

"Much-beloved young Englander!

"So thou art found out, exposed, detected! Ah, thou hast given us a terrible alarm. Monsieur La Roche was distracted, and would, for thy recovery, a reward of thousand francs have offered. But I shall the reward for myself not have, though I am it that have discovered thee. Madame Thérèse has been in great affliction, and at one period hunted from the house the affianced Grolleau, visiting him as the cause of thy loss, and vowing she would him not marry, but would her *petit* over the wide world follow till she found him. But now are they again unified. Easy to me

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was it to guess that you to England had yourself betaken, but Monsieur La Roche would it not believe. He was in despair, and, with wildness, himself reproached. Later came the man Noix-de-galle, who told of some one like to thee, who, at a café, unwise from the Faubourg St. Denis, on the way Boulognewards, had been observed. Thereupon wrote I a brief to a scholastic agent of my knowledge, sending him therewith a photograph of our lost Englander, and the English police-servants have thee discovered.

"And now what will be done? Monsieur La Roche hearing that thou art safe, his hair no longer tears, and will thy name not hear any more spoken. He at his office holds himself, and there to approach him is not easy. Easy? No; on the contrary, it would be *lebensgefährlich*, with peril of the life for me, a German, to attempt it. The French officials will with me not speak, and their aspect is threatening.

"Thérèse has me fifty francs given, to thee to be sent. She tells me it is of thy late mother's money and to thee belongs; so thou mayest receive, and for thy necessities employ it. I will to thee timely write when I can from Monsieur La Roche more exactly learn what plans he will for thee set forth.

"For myself I apply me much to the study of English tongues, but miss the help of thy prattle. In the hope some day soon again to hear it I wait

Thy, thee-heartily-loving friend,

HEINRICH PRACHT, PH.D."

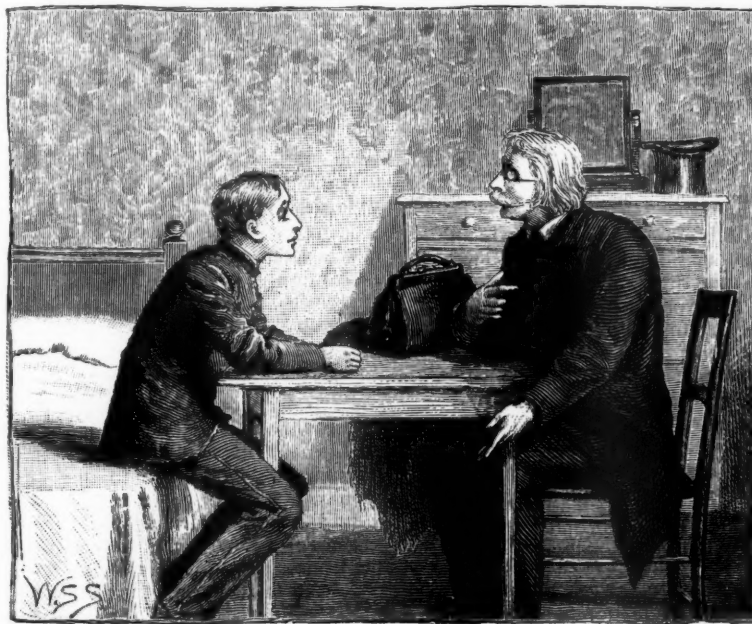
After the receipt of this epistle Adrien waited for some days, expecting a further communication, but although he wrote both to Pracht and to Thérèse, the promised letter did not come "timely," and to Adrien's impatient temperament

it seemed as if it would never come at all. He ought to have written to Monsieur La Roche, he told himself; he had not acted judiciously or rightly in absconding upon the mere representation of Thérèse. He ought to have spoken first to his step-father, and have given him at least an opportunity of doing what was right by him. Even now his conscience told him that he ought to write to La Roche, and ascertain what were his wishes and intentions. The fifty francs would not last long. And where did they come from? perhaps from Thérèse herself, out of her small savings.

Adrien began to be very unhappy again, and found the hours pass slowly, watching for the postman, and turning away disappointed and sick at heart when that official passed, as he did many times a day, without leaving any letter for him. In order to wile away the time he wandered through the streets, stopping at the bookstalls, and frequenting especially the chief centres of the publishing trade, having it still in his mind to gain a living, sooner or later, by literature. He read a great deal of German, but wanted Herr Pracht's assistance, as Pracht also wanted his.

"I wish he would write," Adrien said to himself one day, as he turned his steps in the direction of his lodging. "He ought to write; he promised to write. It is strange how careless people are about their promises. It is unkind, unfeeling of him, to leave me thus in suspense. I wish he would write, or, better still, that I could see him. Everything here is so different from what I had expected."

His heart yearned at that moment for the sight of some once familiar face. Thérèse, Vernier, any one whom he had known in happier days, even La Roche would have been welcomed. They knew now where he was: why did they not



"I AM COME MYSELF," SAID PRACHT. "HERE AM I; PERSONALLY, IN THE BODY."

come to seek him, or, at least, write and bid him return to them? "O that I had wings like a dove!" he exclaimed. The thought of the white pigeon, which had appeared so strangely at the time of his great sorrow, had perhaps suggested the words. He had the fallen feather in his pocket-book, and he took it out and pressed it to his lips.

Was there any magical virtue in that simple feather? Was it able, like Aladdin's ring, to give immediate effect to the wish of him who owned it and pressed it between his fingers?

Looking up with his eyes dim with tears, a familiar figure loomed before him through the mist, and before he could see clearly who it was, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a warm, substantial kiss impressed upon his lips.

"Adrien. Soh! I have thee, then. God be thank!"

"Herr Pracht!"

Adrien could not utter another word. His heart was in his throat. For some moments he strove in vain to speak, but his voice failed him. He could only clasp the German's hand in his own with a warmth and energy which could hardly fail to satisfy even that true friend, and remained silent.

When at length they were seated together in Adrien's little room at the top of Monsieur Pouillac's house, and the latter had got the better of his emotion, explanations were offered.

"I am come myself," said Pracht. "Here am I; personally, in the body."

"I see, I see; and I am so glad, Herr Pracht; so very glad."

"Yes, naturally; and I also."

"How is Thérèse and Vernier?"

"They are of good health, allboth of them."

"It is so kind of you to come."

"Kind? No! In the contrary, it has been the desire of my life to see thine England. A country so advanced, the home of freedom, the land of—of—"

"That will do," said Adrien, checking his rapture shyly. "Tell me about yourself."

"Myself? Well, it is to save my life that I am come here so soon."

"To save your life?"

"Yeswell my Adrien. There has been a great disturbing at our school. I have been tortured seven hours per diem in the schoolroom; and in the playtime even worse. I was like the frog in the fable—'fun for you but death for me.' Wherever I go I hear continually mutter '*la revanche!*' No one talk with me; no boy, not even the smallest, mind what I speak. At last they all band themselves together to send me—what thinkest thou?—defiance, challenge, wager of battle. Thirty-three of them, big and small, will fight me, one after other. All very bold and brave, especially the smallest, number thirty-three. He would not have much to fear. Very little would be left of Pracht when his turn came—*der schelm!* I could have slash all their *gewangs*, their cheeks; but if I only touch so much as one of their small finger the whole thirty-three would have set upon me at once. For the honour of my

land I would have fought them all, but I could not fight with children—and thirty-three of them! And then the masters, the officials, the servants even, they would have advanced also to the combat. No, 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' And yet I would rather be dead German than living Frenchman. Only I did not wish to be neither the one nor the other just yet. So I quit, I abandon."

"You ran away?"

"Run away from a Frenchman? Adrien!"

"No; but from thirty-three."

"No run away! No! I forsake. I quit the school, I come here to England. Here I may live. I had other calling also—Thérèse, ah she is brave woman! She beard the lion in his den. She would go talk with La Roche in his office. There was great disturbance. Her voice was heard throughout the street. It is clear that thy late mother, thy now happy mother, had money of her own which ought to have belong to thee. Thérèse threat him with notary, lawyer, advocate, to make him give it you. Ah, my word! what names she did him scold! To quiet her he promised, he agreed. Thou art to continue thy education here in England, at a right good school."

"A school!" Adrien exclaimed.

"Yes: but fear not. I shall be of thy company. I shall accept an engagement as teacher of modern languages: I shall take in care that we place ourselves together."

This was not exactly what Adrien would have desired; but he was well satisfied on the whole with Herr Pracht's proposal. He would be under no obligation to La Roche since the payment on his account would be made out of his late mother's money, to which he had doubtless more right than his step-father. It was agreed that he and Pracht should go together next morning to Monsieur Bernard's scholastic agency and ask his assistance in carrying out their project.

Having descended to the public room for some refreshment, Herr Pracht was much disturbed at hearing some of the guests there conversing in the French language.

"What sort of place is this that thou hast brought me to?" he asked. "What manner of men are these?"

"The landlord is a Frenchman," said Adrien; "but very good and kind."

"A Frenchman! and all these his guests French also?"

"Yes, chiefly."

"Let us go forth!"

"Oh no; you are quite safe here."

"I will not trust myself among them! I came to Great Britain to escape them. I like your countrymen. I will go to one of your countrymen's hotels."

"Stay here," Adrien pleaded.

"No; it is for me life-perilous. They will begin presently to talk of *la revanche!*"

Adrien had not the same confidence as formerly in the urbanity and kindness of his own countrymen, and he was anxious that Herr Pracht's good opinion of them should not receive a shock

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before he had had time to become properly acquainted with those better qualities in which he had no doubt that they abounded.

With much persuasion he induced him to spend one night, at least, under Monsieur Pouillac's roof; a concession which he had no reason to regret.

Herr Pracht succeeded without much difficulty in finding a good school for himself as professor of languages and for Adrien as a pupil. The placing of the latter helped him to place himself. They left London in much better spirits than when they had entered it. Although Herr Pracht had not landed at Billingsgate, there were many dark spots in the great metropolis which contrasted painfully with the bright conceptions he had formed of it.

"God made the country, but man makes the towns," he said, as the train in which they were seated rolled away through the suburbs and out into a freer atmosphere. "We shall see now your green fields, your country squire-houses, and your cottage homes. Ha! I breathe more liberal already in this air! And your English provincials, your peasants, we shall see what they are like; we shall see, we shall see."

Adrien did not venture to say much about the

country or the people either. "I hope you will like the boys at the school," he remarked, "and I hope they will like you." But he did not speak in a confident tone, and there was a quietness and sadness in his look and manner which showed that he was thinking of bygone days, and that his reflections were tinged with painful yearnings and regrets. He had spent many happy years in France. What England might have in reserve for him he could not tell, but hitherto his fatherland had not offered him much encouragement or pleasure.

"I hope you will like the English boys," he said again.

"We shall see, we shall see," was the only answer he received.

With this new field of experience before them, we must part company with our two friends for a time. When we meet with them again they will be some seven or eight years older, and their opinions, both of their own and other countries and people, will have become more moderate and just. Human nature is very much alike all the civilised world over, and, wherever our lot may be cast, it depends more upon ourselves than our neighbours what experiences we meet with and what fruits of good or evil they bring with them.

DAY-DREAMS OF INVENTION.

WHILE this world is to us as yet immeasurably old, and man vaguely prehistoric, it would seem as if the greatest changes and discoveries in human economy had been made or realised within the last fifty years—*i.e.*, within the last half-inch of an incalculably protracted period. I say realised, for a discovery may long lie dormant from its birth, and then be suddenly stumbled on and wake up, or it may be found to have applications inconceivable even to those who thrilled with delight at its appearance. For instance, when the wheel and axle were first thought of, and, however roughly, led to a superseding of the sledge, the invention was, no doubt, greeted with great gladness. But its present uses were utterly beyond the conjecture of the age in which it appeared.

There are, again, many examples of a discovery in which the cost of production seemed to hinder use, and then the idea was worked at till its realisation became cheap. Take lucifers. I am old enough to remember the time when fresh light could be obtained only from the tinder-box, into which sparks were struck by means of a flint-and-steel. This process produced the common phrase, "striking" a light, inapplicable to the ignition of a lucifer, which is not "struck," but rubbed or scraped. But the sparks, once struck and glowing in the tinder were of no avail except to kindle a specially prepared match. This was a thin pointed slip or shaving of deal about six inches long, tipped

with sulphur. The sulphur point was pushed among the tinder sparks, and presently began to burn with a blue light—and smell. If the match was properly made, the deal slip of wood in time began to burn, and was used to light the candle or the fire.

The obtaining of a flame was thus a complicated business, involving several processes. Every kitchen was furnished with one or more tinder-boxes, accompanied, loosely, by flint, steel, and matches. The mislaying of either of these—their combination being necessary for the full realisation of the process—made the other three useless. When everything went well the flame was produced, but mostly in the kitchen alone. There were some very few parlour equipments of the sort, but as, under any circumstances, they involved black tinder, evil-smelling matches, and the probable knocking of skin off the knuckles of the operator in striking a flint with steel—more or less *in the dark*—fire was, slowly and cumbrously, produced in the kitchen and brought thence into the parlour. No one had any means of obtaining it in a bedroom except by the process I have detailed, or from a long tallowed rush, which preserved an economical flame in a large japanned drum set up on end. This drum was pierced with circular holes, which let out large tremulous patches of imperfect light upon the walls and ceiling. I am describing that which was quite familiar to persons now between fifty and sixty years of age. The advent of lucifers was heralded

by little sticks tipped with a glass tube. This tube was pinched by a pair of nippers, lest the fingers should be burned; and, as it contained elements which, when forced together, produced fire, broke into a flame. I forget what each cost, but distinctly remember, when I was a boy, the process being economically displayed by a clergyman at a dinner-party. Another early lucifer—ancestor of such as light only on the box—was kindled by its prepared end being dipped into a little pot containing provocative chemical matter, and possibly this might be found a safe and useful mode of ignition now. The lucifer was presently developed, and the old complicated flame-producing machines have disappeared, like postboys. A friend of mine has at last, after much inquiry and research, succeeded in finding a tinder-box with flint-and-steel, which he preserves as an uncommon curiosity. The interest of watching the past progress of lucifers becomes the greater as other phosphoric growths will probably be seen before long.

At present luminous paint is very limited in its use, and is employed almost entirely in connection with match-boxes and candlesticks. It only indicates where light can be got. Presently it will supersede several modes of illumination. First, maybe, it will be used in painting the rims of doors and lines of passages, so that we may find our way about a house by night without candle or gas. Then ceilings will be luminous, and every room sufficiently lighted on the darkest night to be traversed without difficulty. Large interiors, such as those of churches, will thus be dimly lit. In time the outsides of all buildings in towns will be painted, in whole or in part, with luminous paint, so that when the sun sets a coruscating city, having no shadows, will rise like an exhalation, and there will be no need in its streets of lamps, gas, or electric light. Thus thoroughfares will be illuminated, with the exception of those under ground, or in comparatively sunless climes and periods, for the paint we are thinking of must be exposed to some light by day in order that it may shine by night, and there might be a needless expenditure of energy in making it shine by exposure to the rays of artificial light. Railway carriages, however, could be made to glow softly within and without, and most especially road vehicles. These could be made visible on dark country roads, without carriage lamps or moon; and gate posts might be made to shine like mild pillars of fire. The use of luminous paint, moreover, will be invaluable in the case of ships, buoys, and harbours. Collisions will be rendered as unlikely by night as by day, and channels will become distinctly visible. As we reflect, the uses to which this paint will be put multiply themselves incalculably, when once it can be produced at a moderate cost. Dear as it is, I wonder, however, that it has not yet been used in female ornament. But at present the public hardly realises its presence. It is looked at as an embellishment of toys rather than as material for an enormous revolution. Great will be the fame and gains of that man who first makes and brings into the market a cheap and good luminous paint. Probably there are ardent souls hot upon this track in laboratories now, and some

day we shall awake to the announcement that means have been found to keep—if we will—the sun shining all night in our houses and streets.

The cutting of ocean salt water canals seems to be now an accepted and successful business, and it is reckoned as one of the greatest works of a teeming age; but we may suspect that it is as yet really in its infancy, and has hitherto been done only to unite seas, not to create them. But this union has been proved to be inadequate even in its most conspicuous example. The Suez Canal is too narrow. It is one of the wonders of the world; but the real wonder is that it was made so small that vessels capable of high speed can traverse it only with great caution and slowness.

Engineers and ship-builders, however daring, are generally soon found to have been not daring enough. The demands of reality not only exhaust the dreams of invention, but tax science with an importunity which is sometimes grotesque. Before long men will run to and fro by means of a pint of bottled lightning under a go-cart. The electric tricycle—or, rather, we should say, carriage—will be so common that people will look with pity on the days when a man was obliged to keep a horse or work a treadwheel unless he was content to trudge on foot.

But to return to canals. Any one has only to look at the Caledonian, which traverses Scotland, and smile at the now short locks which once were deemed sufficient to suit the longest vessels likely to be built for the water trade on the seas which were thus joined. Now every year fresh ships are built, which so shrink ocean voyages that possibly it would become a shorter business to go round the Cape than through the present Suez Canal. Giant steamers will upset the calculations of the canal cutters.

But obviously before long there will be no "steamers" at all. Ships will be propelled by electricity. If it is not generated on board it will be kept in iron accumulators and used as it is wanted, the heavy boxes which contain it serving as unchanging ballast. One result of this mode of propulsion will be that electric ships, though probably still called "steamers"—just as the Strand is so named, though no longer the beach of the Thames—will supersede them. There will be no more coaling, no more ash, no more smoke, and the work of the stoker will be ended.

Supposing indeed that it should be found desirable to burn coal at all, it will be consumed only at the pit's mouth, the motive electricity there mechanically generated being sent forth thence by wire.

But before long the production of heat and light from coal will be reckoned too tedious a process to be used. The flame we get from it is only buried sunshine. The sun indeed is the channel of all our earthly energies. While he lasts we intercept enough of his heat to carry on the processes of material life and movement. He causes both the forked lightning and the glow-worm, the sudden earthquake and the slow minute upheaval of the mole hill. We cannot wonder that in old times men worshipped the sun, little as they understood about "heat." But to return

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to one example of his influence. It is curious to reflect how this great "mover" acts long after his rays have been hidden in the bowels of the earth. As we light the gas in our parlours or sit with outstretched hand over the cheerful blaze in the grate, how few think that they are lit and warmed by shine which assisted vegetation countless ages ago, and in whose rays the lazy saurians basked! It is by a multiplication of wearisome and costly processes that we get that strong giant the sun to turn the cranks of our stationary and locomotive machines. Surely we shall use simpler methods with the mystic powers. The tide of the ocean, whether it be caused by the slow pulse of the water or of the land, will be harnessed to generating engines and the coasts of England, hemmed with a new fringe of energy. Meanwhile the huge steel ships, polished, and kept as clear from marine adherence as the scales of fish—possibly by means of some oily *exudation* which shall make them as slippery as whales—will flash about the world with electric thrust. These would be far too large and swift for any canal that is yet contemplated, since their excellence will appear in size and speed hitherto unrealised, and quite incapable of being employed without abundant lateral room for the escape of the volume of water displaced.

While talking of modes of conveyance we must not forget such as may be effected through the air without use of land or water.

It is believed by many that balloons will eventually be navigated, or, for purposes of locomotion, succeeded by flying-machines. But as yet seemingly we have not hit upon the rudest form of this vehicle. Probably inventors are altogether, or to a great extent, on the wrong track. They have tried to imitate the motion of birds. This requires machinery so strong as to necessitate the use of steel, which is too heavy. Lighter metals may be tried, but the driving energy required would be seen to be enormous if we considered merely the breastbone, say, of a pigeon. What a mass of muscle does not this support! and all this carries only such a slight load as the body of the bird. See a rook in flight. He has such abundant energy as to soar, in company, to immense heights, it would seem for the sheer enjoyment of the prospect, or the airy conversation which accompanies his social rise. And yet what a fuss he makes about the carriage of any material bigger than a small twig while engaged in the construction of his nest.

What machine can be devised strong enough to bear men safely in the skies? There have already been earth or road boats as well as ice-boats driven by wind. But the first step in still-air propulsion will probably be in the shape of assistance given to a wheeled carriage either by means of a large driving-fan or an undulating plate suggested by the motion of a sole through the water. Now, of course, a chief difficulty in air navigation arises not merely from the present bulk of the balloon, but in the danger to which the voyager is exposed, especially in landing from his vehicle. No personal equipment in the shape of a parachute will save him from the risk of bumps while attempting

to alight as the balloon scrapes the earth, though it might enable him to drop in comparative safety from considerable heights.

Let us away from balloons. The next twenty years will reveal very much more than the last. The rapid extension, for instance, of the use of the telephone, especially in the United States of America, indicates extraordinary pulses of advance. Yesterday it was a scientific toy. To-day it is an established commercial investment. But this is nothing in comparison with the latest glimpses of mathematical revelation. Not only does the air seem to quiver with impending scientific realisations, but the weird suggestion of more than three dimensions, not by shallow fanatics, but by the severest students of pure science, hints at a prospect, if not passage, over the border of existing experience into a region of more than miraculous possibilities of which our present senses, however, are incapable of entertaining any real apprehension. The thought of it awes us. Is there a sixth sense into the inheritance of which we have not yet entered, but which will eventually be enjoyed and exercised? And if there should be a sixth sense why should there not be more? Why should not revelations be prepared which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which may be unfolded to coming generations here, or even possibly to the residue of this?

The descent from these speculations, however legitimate they may be, to the development of such processes as photography is like stepping on solid ground. But these developments bid fair to be enormous, bewildering. The recording of impressions given by light and sound opens the door of a strangely moved world to us. The latter is especially weird. Living thoughts are impressed on inanimate material. We have an approach towards the fulfilment of such mystic promises as that "the dead shall hear." Photography is as yet in its childhood. Some day the proclamation of closet whispers will be realised with an ease which will abolish privacy. A secret silent instrument, disguised as a parcel, footstool, or book, will note and keep the record of every word spoken in the chamber where it is laid. The debates in Parliament will be entrusted to a machine, and, instead of turning to a page of Hansard, the inquirer will press a button and cause the re-deliverance of the speech itself out of a platinum throat.

The most popular of future inventions would, for a time at least, be an "electroscope." By the aid of this, distant scenes would be summoned to the eye, and club idlers be enabled to watch the progress of remote battles in the ease of the smoking-room. Instead of maps with coloured tin flags, shifted each day as the wire brings intelligence of the campaign, they would see the meeting of the very armies themselves. The sheet representing this would be laid upon a table or hung up in the hall. Then men might glance at it, as they do at the telegrams during a debate, and note how the fight went two or three thousand miles away. We have at present, however, got no further than the fact that if the mouth of a telephone were opened on

a distant field of battle we could hear it going on, and possibly discern some screams of the wounded in its din, as we sit far away by the peaceful fire of home.

Talking of seeing, I wonder how it is that the object-glasses of telescopes appear to be incapable of reaching more than a certain size. There is some difficulty in their construction, involving the homogeneity of their material, I suppose. Otherwise why should not an object-glass be made large enough to show lunar and solar details, disintegrate nebulae, and reveal shining creatures in space beyond the limit at which our present powers of vision, however hitherto artificially aided, expire? Thus we might possibly determine the question of intelligent life in the moon, or rather such intelligent life as man is capable of apprehending. The only other way whereby indications of artificial fabric there could be perceived would, one fancies, be by improved minutely accurate photographic pictures examined under a powerful microscope.

We must not forget, though, that there may be what might be considered an advanced state of civilisation of which the conditions and subjects are wholly outside or beyond the present circle of our conceptions. As it is, there is in our midst a world of active life which we are incapable of rightly comprehending—I mean that of instinct. Astonishing instances of its operation—or rather of the results of its operation—are recorded, but what do we really know of its laws and mode of working? There are examples of similarity in procedure between the ways of some insects and men, but we often find ourselves brought to a dead stop as we search for the motives and channels of information affecting and employed by the most familiar animals. They have languages and signals to which we possess no clue, and in which we can detect no development or exaggeration of any faculties with which we are acquainted, for however mysteriously devoted individuals among them may become to ourselves, even these occasionally reveal glimpses of powers and moods with which we cannot join issue. There is now sitting in the room with me a grand deerhound, who is sometimes moved to rest his chin on the elbow of my chair and look steadily into my eyes. It is more than affection which I see in his. There is something which I cannot translate or apprehend in his yearning gaze. He seems, too, to ask in vain for the missing link of interchange in thought. Then in—to me—speechless perplexity he lies down again before the wood fire to meditate, presently to sleep—and dream. There may be living creatures not partially, but wholly, removed from any present possibility of intercourse with ourselves. Even this world, which we glibly call common, is full of

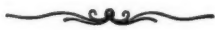
pregnant mystic hints and inconceived relationships.

Let us come down from the clouds. As we stand in the dirty fields of earth we might see around us unrealised suggestions of usage and resource. Take one of the most obvious—look at the trees and hedges. How many there are. Any one travelling rapidly through some parts of England might fancy that the soil grew nothing but hedgerows and hedge timber. And how unproductive all this growth is! Besides dividing fields why should not such growth produce food? We admire the apple in the cottager's garden, and reflect with pleasure that it gives pleasant fare to the peasant and his family. Why should not the hedgerows be full of wholesome fruit? A neighbour to whom I offered the suggestion replied that the "boys" would eat it. Boys indeed! Why all the boys in the cosmos could not make any appreciable gap in the stores of a country thus equipped. There is a limit even to their capacity and greediness. I am sure that there is enormous waste in using comparatively worthless trees and shrubs for the dividing lines of a land. Of course if the exchange suggested were only partial the boys would be to the fore and eat injudiciously, but if it were general a great addition might be made to the food stores of man and beast.

Then, again, think of fish. Stand on one of our cliffs and look at the virtually unreeped breadth of shallow sea which surrounds our island, and which teems with fish. Do not let us suppose that we have realised the best method of securing and distributing them. The time-honoured net may be superseded by some instrument which shall be to it what the reaping machine was to the time-honoured sickle. I wish I could indicate its nature. The sea-reaper of the future has yet to be discovered.

The air, however, is quick with manifold inventions. Every now and then one alights upon a receptive head, but there is no reason to suppose that the swarm of them is exhausted. Sometimes it is the simplest of all simple things, like the perforations which enable us to separate stamps—revealed, perhaps, while an idler was heedlessly pricking paper with a pin—or a little corner of thought is turned which sets the philosopher upon the track of a great law affecting man's estimate of the hosts of heaven and condition of the earth. But whether we hit on a really germinating hint or not, we shall always be tempted to indulge in forecasts and manifold day-dreams of what might come to pass. Many, surely, will arrive in the shifting and adjustment of the energies which we receive as we catch the heat still shed all around him by that store of it which is set nearest to ourselves in the sun.

HARRY JONES.



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THE POTTERY DISTRICTS OF FIJI.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR."

FOR many years, during which the name of Fiji had been known to us only from its association with the King of the Cannibal Islands, there had been one small point from which occasional suggestions of human interest reached us. This was the island of Nananu, the property of Mr. Leefe, brother to a clergyman, one of our intimate friends in England. Great was the interest invariably excited by the arrival of a letter from these far-distant isles, and when we turned our own faces thither this seemed the one definite point in that hazy group. Already many months had elapsed, and the larger isles had become to me familiar ground, and still no opportunity had offered itself of visiting Nananu. At last the right day came. Baron von Hügel, who was practically one of the household, had occasion to visit that part of the coast, and Captain Knollys, the Governor's aide-de-camp, most kindly lent us his capital sailing-boat and Fijian crew. We started at dawn with a fair wind; and eight hours' run, coasting the beautiful shores of Viti Levu, brought us to our destination.

As seen from the sea, and in contrast with the mountain ranges all around, Nananu is a low grassy isle, its general appearance by no means fertile. It is the exclusive property of Mr. Leefe, no Fijian inhabitant remaining, unless some stray workman or shepherd. The "hands" are as usual, foreign labour from the Solomon Isles, New Hebrides, etc. Since the failure of cotton and the ever-increasing value of cocoanuts has been proved, attention has been chiefly paid to multiplying the latter, and thousands of young palms have consequently been planted in every available crevice, on Sir Walter Scott's principle of "Aye be sticking in a tree, it will be growing while ye are sleeping." All manner of fruit-bearing trees are also cherished—orange and lemon trees, and the delicious native keveeka, which resembles a large pink transparent pear, and answers the purpose of a cooling drink. It is one of the few ornamental flowering-trees of these isles, as it bears masses of blossom, which, however, are most uninteresting when gathered, as they share a characteristic common to many flowers of the Pacific, being almost devoid of calyx, and consisting of a large tuft of stamens.

One of Mr. Leefe's most interesting experiments has been the introduction of Angora goats—lovely white creatures with long, silky fleece. At great expense he procured two pair, and, having killed off all the wild he-goats on the island, these beautiful strangers were established as monarchs of the land. At the time of our visit the flock was an exceedingly pretty sight—two hundred and thirty mothers of all varieties of colour, and each with either one or two pure white kids. Of the fathers of the flock, however, one

had already met with a most untimely end, having so entangled its long fleece in a thorny lemon-bush that it was there held prisoner, and not found till it was dead. The second narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was caught in a thicket by its horns, and was not discovered till the following morning. It was, however, reported missing at night, and all hands turned out to seek for the lost goat, torch in hand. After several hours' search the quest was given up as hopeless, and all returned to sleep. But ere long the alarm of fire was given, and the whole hill was seen to be ablaze. A torch carelessly dropped in the dry grass had started a conflagration, which spread rapidly, and in its progress destroyed a multitude of promising young palm-trees recently planted.

At five o'clock on the morning after our arrival I accompanied Mrs. Leefe on her daily morning expedition to milk the goats—that is to say, as many as were required for household use. The fold is about a mile distant from the house, and for me, as a casual visitor, this was a very pretty sight. But you can imagine that, romantic as it sounds, this daily task may lose the charm of novelty, and, when considered as a daily task, to be accomplished in all weathers—even when heavy rains have made the steep hill-paths a mere streak of grassy red mud, or when a weary body craves a quiet morning's rest, and yet the invariable walk must be accomplished—it may become somewhat of a burden. Many such experiences await the lady who has the courage to face such a lot as that of a planter's wife in any new country, and the marvel is how bravely and well many learn to persevere in labours so new and strange to them.

The morning's milking was but the beginning of the day's work. Every detail of kitchen, house, or laundry required pretty close supervision, and every delicacy for the table or fine work in the laundry must necessarily be done by the mistress herself. Add to all this the care of the silkworms—a recent experiment, and one which would no doubt succeed but for one insuperable obstacle, namely, the price of labour in Fiji as compared with that in the silk-growing districts of China. The amount of care required by these creatures is immense. Six times a day they must be fed—that means going out to gather fresh mulberry-leaves, carefully drying each one, cleaning the trays, looking over the eggs, carefully separating the tiny newly-hatched worms, attending to the cocoons, guarding them from the attacks of insects, and, in short, devoting to the task as much time and patience as would be required in any human nursery.

All these manifold cares fell on my hostess, assisted only by her daughter Ethel, a joyous, natural girl, twelve years of age, to whom the island had been home from earliest infancy, and

its every corner invested with such romance as only happy childhood knows how to weave. To her all the living creatures were companions and personal acquaintances—the poultry, the goats, the very pigs, whose name was legion, and who lived by themselves in a large pen near the sea, where their daily rations of cocoanuts were carried to them by the labour boys. Ethel had but one care—the sorrow of occasional lessons, especially that most grievous task, a music lesson, for her mother had managed to retain one pleasant reminder of the old life in her treasured piano, the solace of many an evening when the toil of day was over. Alas! a few months later the family were awakened by a sudden cry of fire, and, as usual in houses of such combustible material, a few moments sufficed to reduce the pleasant Robinson Crusoe home to ashes. Piano, books, nicknacks, all irreplaceable treasures, gone, and the family left with only the clothes they stood in. Of course, it does not take long to rebuild a house in the Fijian style, and perhaps the new house is better than the old, but in so remote a home new keepsakes and books and ornaments accumulate slowly, “and we cannot buy with gold the old associations.” But what a quaint old ramshackle home it was! A little cluster of houses, all under different roofs. The central building, divided into two by the thinnest partition, formed the family sitting-room and a bedroom for the mother and daughter. Mr. Leefe's room lay beyond—a grass hut all by itself. Close by was another house, which served as a dining-room, so close to the sea that you could almost step from the verandah into the water. A piece of this house was my bedroom. I assisted in removing thence many sacks of maize and of cuttle-fish bones the morning after my arrival. But one trace of its former use was immovable—namely, the corn-grinder in which the men's daily rations were ground, with such intolerable noise as invariably drove me up the hill to escape from it. Just beyond the sitting-room house stood a magnificent old NDelo-tree, with large dark glossy leaves and fragrant clusters of small yellow blossom. (I have spelt the name of this tree so as to indicate the Fijian pronunciation of the letter D. In like manner the letter B is sounded as if preceded by an M, and C is pronounced like Th. All this may seem to newcomers as if the missionaries who reduced the language to writing had done so in an arbitrary manner, but all residents acknowledge the wisdom of the device for rendering the peculiar sounds of the language.)

Beneath its shade much carpentering and other work was done, and from its wide-spreading arms hung such joints of kid as the family larder furnished. On the other side of the great tree stood the kitchen, and beyond that the silkworm house, each being large Fijian houses. A kitchen garden lay conveniently near, in which grew such vegetables as the tiny tomato, known as love-apple, and the tree-pea, a shrub bearing pods very similar to those so familiar to us all. The paths in every direction were bordered with pineapple plants, promising an abundant harvest.

The centre of the isle is, as I have said, gene-

rally grassy, and the only abundant shrub is the screw-pine or pandanus, with long prickly leaves set screw-wise, and odd roots like a multitude of pillars, which make the tree look as if it were walking on stilts. It bears a large scarlet or orange fruit something like a pineapple in appearance, but with so little on its woody sections to tempt the palate that none save goatherds or others on whom the long day hangs heavy would care to nibble or rather to gnaw them.

Though the general character of the isle is thus bare, all round the seacoast is a fringe of beautiful old trees, the NDelo of which I have just spoken, the MBaka or Fijian banyan, the Fijian almond, the Eevie or chesnut, the Keveeka with its rosy blossoms or fruit, and many others, including thickets of wild lemon-trees. So you can wander pleasantly round the isle, passing from one white sand bay to another, and keeping in the shelter of these great overhanging trees, whose dark foliage forms so perfect a screen. Better still to have a small canoe, in which to paddle from one pleasant bay to the next, and so avoid the toil of scrambling round or over headlands at high tide.

The only drawback to these delightful sheltered spots is the multitude of mosquitos which infest them. These very quickly scented a fresh prey when, the day after my arrival, I settled down to draw a careful study of a magnificent old banyan, very near akin, I think, to the *Ficus religiosa* of India. The mosquitos assembled in myriads. Vainly did Ethel and a wild-looking goatherd sit one on each side of me, holding branches with which to beat them off, and vainly did I slay six or eight at a time as often as I could slap one hand on the other. Thicker and thicker they swarmed (for there was not a breath of air stirring in the thicket where we sat), so at last we had to give it up, and fly to cool our fevered hands and faces in the sea; then we lay under the orange-trees in an old garden, and ate ripe golden fruit to our hearts' content. Afterwards, in making studies here and in similar places, I took the precaution of first hanging up my mosquito net, so as to avoid this maddening distraction, though of course it was anything but an advantage in other respects.

One of our favourite expeditions was to the beautiful Bay of Onie on the other side of the isle; a perfect horseshoe, a mile and a half round, with the purest white sand, and shaded with densest foliage, and great boughs projecting so far as quite to overhang the water. Here we spent many hours in pleasant idleness. A lovelier bathing-place could not be conceived, and the fear of sharks was all forgotten, both here and close to the house, where morning and evening we revelled in the clear lovely water which came rippling up to the very door, whispering to us even in our dreams. We were joined in our bathing by a bright intelligent girl from the Solomon Islands, and she and Ethel rivalled one another in feats of swimming and diving, disporting themselves like merry mermaids.

Separated from Nananu by a small channel is another islet, on which live a separate flock of goats. These had to be counted one day, so we

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all went over together to see a curious natural rock bridge, the hole below which was created, according to Fijian legend, by a shark jumping through.

Nananu lies just off the shores of Viti Levu (Great Fiji), a coast to me all unknown. It was therefore tantalising in the extreme to see the great blue mountains rising before me day after day, and Mr. Leefe most kindly undertook to escort me to some of the principal points of interest in the neighbourhood.

We spent one day on the island of Malaki, a pleasant spot, grassy and wooded, but without inhabitants, its people having been driven out by the whites as an act of vengeance for the deliberate murder of a white man whose boat had touched at their inhospitable shore. To these people is attributed the honour of having been the first in the isles to invent pottery. They now inhabit the town of Na Sava, which we visited a

what are made for ordinary domestic purposes—*i.e.*, cooking and water-pots—adhere pretty much to one general form, but in the patterns with which these are decorated, and the manufacture of what we may call "fancy articles," every potter follows her own taste, and the same exact form is very rarely reproduced. Occasionally we have tried to get duplicates made to order, but the result has almost invariably been most unsatisfactory, and in no case will the potters of one district attempt to copy a piece which has been brought from some other island or district.

It is said that the idea of using clay for the manufacture of bowls, and also the form of the common cooking and water vessels, were alike suggested by the work of the common mason bee, which builds its clay nest in any convenient corner. In the doorway or under the eaves, where the swallows of our own land are wont to place theirs, we find these little earthen homes precisely



FIJIAN POTTERY.

few days later for the express purpose of seeing them at work. I had already watched the potters in several other districts, but here we had traced the stream to its source; such at least is the tradition of the isles.

A special interest attaches to this pottery, inasmuch as no such manufacture has been found on any other group in the Pacific. Some very coarse specimens have certainly been brought from the New Hebrides and the Solomon Isles, and I believe that very coarse pottery is made and used throughout Melanesia; still it can hold no comparison with that of Fiji, where pottery is used in every house, both for cooking purposes and for holding water. Considering the coarseness of the materials used and the rude manner in which it is fashioned (wholly by hand, and by rule of thumb), and that the manufacturers are people whom the civilised world are wont to regard as utter savages, the most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed by the artistic beauty and immense variety of form thus produced. Naturally

similar in form to the cooking vessels in daily use, being globular or oblong, with an opening at one side, approached by a narrow neck with turned-back lip. I have often succeeded in detaching these from a window, and found them perfect miniatures of the ordinary Fijian pots. The idea being once started, other objects in nature soon suggested variety of form, such as the shell of the turtle and the form of certain fruits.

On the occasion of our visit to Na Sava the village chief desired the principal potters (all women) to assemble on the rara (which answers to the village green), that we might have an opportunity of seeing a good number working at the same time. The pottery is made entirely by hand; nothing of the nature of a wheel being known. The clay, having been mixed with fine sand, is rolled into long sausages, and these are coiled one above the other in a hollow circle, thus forming the base of a round pot. Having partly moulded this into shape, the potter takes a smooth round stone in her left hand, and holds it

inside the clay while with the other hand she beats the exterior with a flat piece of wood like a spoon, constantly moistening the clay. Fresh clay sausages are then built up round the top, and gradually narrowed till there only remains room to insert one finger (if for a water-pot) or the food (if a cooking pot). The rim of the vessel must now be fashioned, and then comes a final wetting and smoothing of the whole, and probably the marking with a small stick of a very elaborate geometrical pattern. This work must be done ere the day wanes, as towards sunset the clay falls and will not work obediently to the potter's hand.

For from four to eight days the grey clay pots must lie in the house to dry. After this they are first baked on a light straw fire, and afterwards with wood, and while still hot are glazed with the heated resin of the NDakua pine, which I believe to be identical with, or at least very nearly akin to, the Kauri pine of New Zealand, which yields the beautiful amber-like gum.

In the same district, rowing to the head of a lovely sheltered bay, we visited a cave near Koro Viti Levu, where we found about a dozen women making very large cooking pots, each from two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty inches in diameter. It was wonderful that they should be able to build them in such perfect symmetry, considering that their only guide is their own eye for form. In the island of Bau, at the village of Soso, I spent some hours in the picturesque hut of an old crone, trying to persuade her to model her turtles from a living one which was walking about on the mats, but she preferred her own monstrous ideal, and chuckled with delight every time the fins and feet of mine *would* fall off.

In this, and I think also in the adjacent district of Rewa, instead of building up a series of clay sausages, the women just beat out a flat piece of clay on their hand, and then gradually mould it into a cup-like form with the help of the smooth stone inside and the wooden spatula outside. Here the pottery, after having been left for six or eight days to dry in the house, is taken to a sheltered quiet nook betwixt the sea and a great rock. Here a pile of light wood and sticks is built, the pots are laid thereon, the whole is covered with dry grass, and light sticks over all. This is set on fire, and kept burning for about half an hour. Then, while still hot, the cooking pots are well rubbed with a dark red dye, an infusion of tiri—*i.e.*, mangrove-bark—which gives a slight glaze as well as a red colour. Ornamental and water-pots are glazed with the hot NDakua resin already mentioned. There are slight variations in the process in different parts of the group, as on the north of Vanua Levu, where all the pottery we procured was glazed.

We lingered on Malaki, the potter's now deserted isle, till sunset, and rowed back as the great cliff, now shrouded in gloom, stood out dark against the golden sky, casting long reflections in the glassy waters.

I devoted a subsequent morning to sketching the quaint little village on the upper crag, and improved my acquaintance with its people, with

the happy result that sundry native curiosities were offered me for sale, including several very good stone axes.

And here, by the way, I must tell you of a curious point of contact between Birmingham and things which we are wont to associate only with the stone age—namely, the tool commonly used by native carpenters, which consists of a Birmingham axe-head or adze tied with native string on to a piece of wood shaped like a bent knee, which was the regular handle of the stone celt hitherto in use, of which a considerable number have been offered us for sale. They are precisely similar to those of the Ancient Britons, American Indians, and, I suppose I might add, of primeval races in all lands, being made of the same highly-polished greenstone, and identical in their various forms. The smooth flat axe-heads are invariably brought to us without handles, proving that they have succumbed to the iron age; but the long cylindrical stones are still in use, generally, I think, as pickaxes, and for cracking candle-nuts, which are exceedingly hard, but yield good oil.

Another interesting point in common with our ancestors, which is fast disappearing before so simple an innovation as a common lucifer match, is the method of kindling fire by the friction of two sticks. Particular kinds of wood are preferred, and of course they must be old dry wood. The fire-kindler sits on the ground, steadying the larger stick with his feet. Should he possess a knife wherewith to smooth a small piece of the surface, he will attain his result more rapidly, as he can leave a little shaving sticking up at the farther end to catch the dust as it accumulates. Then cutting the smaller stick to a point, he works it rapidly backwards and forwards till it forms a groove in the lower piece of wood, and the dust thus scraped up quickly begins to smoke and blacken, and in less than a minute a spark appears and smoulders on, till a tiny atom of native cloth, or a wisp of dry grass, is cautiously brought into contact with it, when a bright flame is produced.

After exploring all the points of chief interest near the rock, we started on a longer expedition, in order to visit the potters who were expelled from Malaki. First we walked to the house of a planter, who made us heartily welcome, and gave us a capital dinner of kid, taro, and tea, a meal which we consumed in presence of a large circle of Fijian girls, who had assembled from other mountain towns to see the pale-faced woman. Na Maramma Mbalavu, the long lady, was the title by which I was invariably described.

Our host then proceeded with much difficulty to catch and saddle his horses. At the last moment I found the girths of my side-saddle were missing, so my companion lent me his, using a rope for his own, which was made of wood and covered with goatskin. We rode round the back of the rock till we came to Na Sava, which is quite a large village.

Here, as I have already said, the chief called upon the potters to exhibit their handiwork. Of course it was taking them rather at a disadvantage, but enabled us to see a good deal in a short

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time. We endeavoured ourselves to model a peculiar vase with three cups on one stand, of which we had procured a specimen without being able to ascertain where it was made, and were very anxious to procure others of the same pattern. We flattered ourselves that our description was fully understood, but evidently the design had originated in some other district, for when a few weeks later the pottery we had ordered was sent to us we received, instead of the graceful vase which had so fascinated us, a dozen hideous articles of ponderous weight, utterly worthless.

When the lowering sun warned the potters to desist from working (and we found that the clay really did fall as fast as we attempted to model anything), we adjourned to the house of the village teacher to see his wife painting a very large and most beautiful piece of tappa. I had to be content with watching how she worked. The pattern is cut out of a banana-leaf heated over the fire. This is laid on the cloth, and rubbed over with a scrap of cloth dipped either in vegetable charcoal and water, or red earth liquefied with the sap of the candle-nut tree.

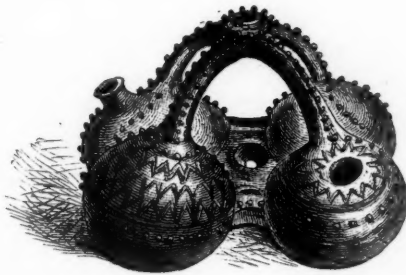
As we rode away by the shore we came to a strip of mangroves and mud, on which the horse of our friend slipped and rolled over, but no serious damage was done, and we reached Philimone's house in safety before darkness closed in.

In the morning we bade adieu to this kind friendly family, and rode over to Bali Bali. On our way we passed by a row of smallish stones extending for about two hundred yards. These stones were to represent the number of Bokola—*i.e.*, human bodies—actually eaten by two chiefs, Wanga Levu and Undri Undri, one stone for each body. This line of MBokola stones registers eight hundred and seventy-two, and the Christian son of this ogre declares that his father ate them all himself, allowing no one to share with him!

Another member of the same family had registered forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian put a stop to the amusement and compelled him to be satisfied with commonplace food.

At different points in this day's ride we had grand views of the great mountain range, and went some way up a valley to see a very fine mass of rock, Vatu Damu, behind which nestles a pretty village, all scented with the fragrant blossoms of large shaddock-trees. Then on to Kasia Lili, another fine rock castle, and of course I added to my store of sketches. From Bali Bali, the village where we spent the night, we had a very unusual view, overlooking the salt-pans, artificially constructed shallow pools in the midst of the widely-spread mangrove. These are flooded at certain tides, and the evaporation yields a fair supply of salt. Below us lay Na Vua Vua, the chief town of this district of Raki Raki, and in the distance the isle of Malaki. Nestling among the trees I detected the high-pitched roof of a true Kai Tholo house—*i.e.*, people of the mountains—this being the form of roof peculiar to the wild districts in the interior. After breakfast we rode over to the house of a little colony of planters, who received us most kindly and welcomed us to a real planter's dinner served in rough-and-ready style. There was another rock mountain to be inspected and more fine views. Then we rode home by the foot of the dark Kau Vandra hills, passing several villages more or less interesting from their situation. It was quite dark for the last hour, and we had several difficult creeks to cross, but we reached our journey's end in safety.

In the morning we walked down to the town, and on to the river, where a boat was waiting. A two-miles row down the river, through dense thickets of mangrove, brought us to the open sea, and bidding adieu to the coast of Raki Raki, we rowed and sailed back to Nananu.



SAMUEL CROMPTON.



STAIRCASE IN THE HALL-IN-THE-WOOD.

THE rise and progress of the cotton trade in England is by most people attributed to, and summed up in, the name of Arkwright. Undoubtedly a great deal is to be put down to his indomitable perseverance and shrewd business capacity.

It ought, however, to be remembered that he was but one of a band of inventors. Following upon Arkwright, and in a great measure superseding him by

a vastly superior machine, came Samuel Crompton, a pleasant incident in whose life was recalled by Mr. Bayes, in the picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, of which we give a copy, representing him as he sometimes indulged in musical dreams over his violin while in the workshop, when he was seeking to perfect the spinning-mule.

Crompton was born at Firwood Fold, near Bolton, on the 3rd December, 1753. When he was but five years old his parents moved to a portion of the ancient mansion called the Hall-in-the-Wood. It is about a mile from Bolton,

and stands on a little eminence overlooking the Eagley brook or river. When in its palmy days surrounded by the trees from which it takes its name, it must have been a lovely spot. Now long chimneys have taken the place of trees in a great



CROMPTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

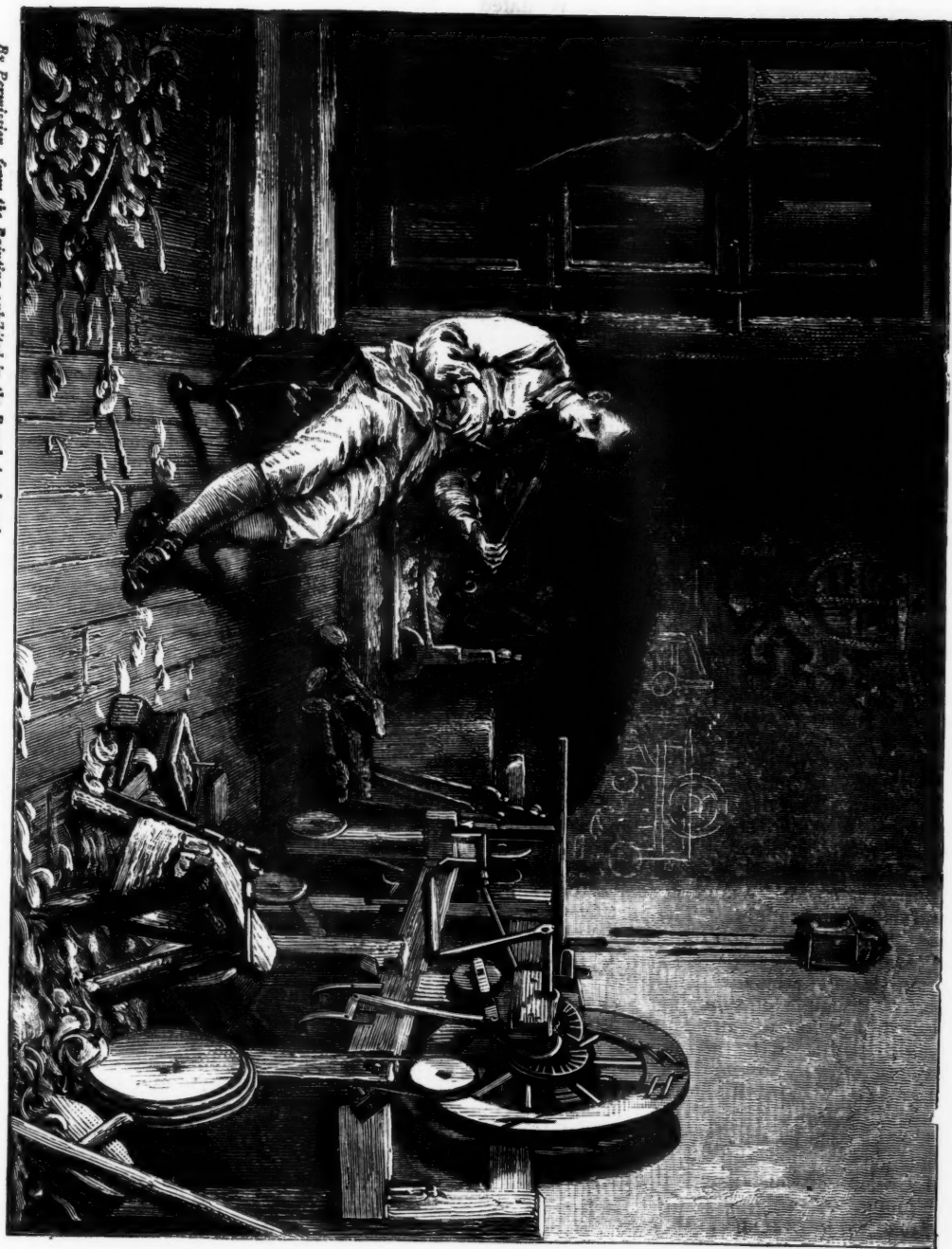
measure, and the bright brook has become a muddy stream. One portion of the building is probably of the fifteenth century timber and plaster work; the south front and porch are of stone, and bear the date 1648.

Shortly after the family removed here, Crompton lost his father, so that the boy had little recollection of him further than of having seen him in his coffin. His parents were deeply religious peo



THE HALL-IN-THE-WOOD.

[From an old Print.



By Permission, from the Painting exhibited in the Royal Academy.

CROMPTON INVENTING THE SPINNING-MULE.

LA M. BAYN.

ple, and evidently much above the ordinary standard. The mother appears to have had great ability, for she worked upon the farm, and her leisure time, if it could be called so, was occupied in carding, spinning, or weaving. It is stated that she was of such superior attainments as to be made the overseer of the poor for her township—a managing, practical woman, somewhat severe to the boy “because she loved him so.” As he was wont to say, he was “the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.”

He was sent to school to Bolton, where he picked up a good general education and learned to write a good hand. At sixteen he was in the loom by day, and at night walked to Bolton to attend an evening school, where he advanced his knowledge in algebra, mathematics, and trigonometry. About this time he would probably become acquainted with Hargreaves’ spinning-jenny, the inventor of which had been rewarded by being driven out of Lancashire. The novelty and originality of the machine would no doubt rouse his curiosity; but another creation occupied his attention for a time, and that was his fiddle, which he constructed himself and began to play in the winter evenings.

In those early days of cotton manufacture mills were not thought of, and the processes of carding, spinning, and weaving were carried on in the homes of the people, and, as Crompton’s mother insisted upon a certain quantity of cloth being woven daily, it may readily be imagined how a contemplative and musically-disposed mind, in an almost isolated place, should develop that shrinking modesty which characterised the man. In 1774, when Crompton was twenty-one years of age, he began to work out his theory of an improved spinning-wheel. A few old tools which had belonged to his father, and a very useful clasp knife, did much service, and, as opportunity and money afforded, he added to his slender stock of tools, to which end also, combined with his love of music, he would often engage himself and his fiddle, to play in the orchestra of the neighbouring town for the modest sum of one shilling and sixpence per night. “The next five years,” he says, “had this addition to my labour as a weaver, occasioned by the imperfect state of cotton spinning, viz., a continual endeavour to realise a more perfect principle of spinning; and though often baffled, I as often renewed the attempt, and at length succeeded to my utmost desire, at the expense of every shilling I had in the world.” So, after years of long nightwork, came this wheel, afterwards called the “Mule,” because it combined the merits of Hargreaves and Arkwright’s machines with the moving, or travelling, carriage of Crompton, which still is the great principle of spinning.

Just as he was perfecting his invention the Blackburn spinners and weavers were getting up riots and breaking Hargreaves’ machines. Crompton, fearing the rioters might come to his house, where a still more daring machine was being perfected, took it to pieces and concealed it in the garret for a time. During the year, however, the machine got to work. On the 16th

February, 1780, he was married, and occupied a cottage attached to the hall, meanwhile working his machine in the big room in the hall.

For a few months Crompton was a happy man. Newly wedded to the wife he loved, possessed of an invention which produced yarns of a fineness and firmness which astonished the manufacturers, he simply hoped to live in peace and reap the profit of his invention; but the vast superiority of his yarn brought people from all quarters to ascertain the means by which he produced it. He was besieged by people who came on all or any pretext. They got into the house surreptitiously, or climbed up to the windows. Crompton soon saw that it was impossible to retain the secret of his invention. He says: “A few months reduced me to the cruel necessity of either destroying my machine altogether, or giving it up to the public. To destroy it I could not think of, to give up that for which I had laboured so long was cruel. I had no patent, or the means to purchase one. In preference to destroying I gave it to the public.” At the urgent solicitation of the neighbouring manufacturers he surrendered to them the machine on which the much-prized yarn had been spun, on the faith of the following promise:—

“We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, have agreed to give, and do hereby promise to pay unto Samuel Crompton, at the Hall-in-the-Wood, near Bolton, the several sums opposite to our names. Several of the principal tradesmen in Manchester, Bolton, etc., having seen his new machine, approve of it, and are of opinion that it would be of the greatest public utility to make it known, to which end a contribution is desired from every well-wisher of trade.”

The miserable result was, according to Mr. Kennedy’s account, about £50, Crompton remarking, “I received as much by way of subscription as built me a new machine, with only four spindles more than the one I had given up.” The very perfection of his work prevented his success; he was only able to spin in a small way on account of his poverty, but his yarns were ever the best in the market. He says: “I pushed on, intending to have a good share in the spinning line, yet I found there was an evil I had not foreseen, and of much greater magnitude than giving up the machine, viz., that I must always be teaching green hands, employ none, or quit the country, it being believed that if I taught them they knew their business well, so that for years I had no choice left but to give up spinning or quit my native land. I cut up my spinning-machines for other purposes.” We can imagine with what feeling he left off spinning and betook himself to weaving.

In May, 1796, he lost his wife, who died leaving him with eight children. Ever religiously disposed, careful in his language, holding oaths or irreverent expressions in abhorrence, the loss of his dearly-beloved wife would, no doubt, affect his temperament. About this time he joined the Swedenborgians, and took the charge of the choir upon himself, practising psalmody in his house at King Street, and himself playing the organ he had

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constructed. The music was generally written out, and sometimes the harmonies were modified by himself. A large number of hymn tunes are known to have been composed by him.

In 1800 some Manchester gentlemen, considering that Crompton had been ill used and neglected, got up a subscription which it was hoped would make some provision for his family. Between four and five hundred pounds was all that could be realised, and Crompton again commenced spinning in a small way, but his employes were still seduced from him as he taught them, so that little progress could be made.

In 1812 a memorial was drawn up and brought before the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, who at once interested himself in the application. All appeared to progress favourably, and on the 11th of May Crompton was in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Perceval was speaking with a group of members and remarked, "You will be glad to know that we mean to propose £20,000 for Crompton." A few moments after Perceval was shot. The ministry was dissolved. On the reconstruction of Parliament £5,000 was voted as a sufficient remuneration.

After a speculation in bleach works Crompton became involved in a law suit with his landlord, which, with some other difficulties, threw him back upon a small way of business in muslins, and here he found ample opportunity for devising new patterns and the machinery for working them; but his patterns and improvements were pirated as fast as they were invented. "To this day," he declared, "though it is more than thirty years since my first machine was shown to the public, I am hunted and watched with as much never-ceasing care as if I was the most notorious villain; and I do affirm that if I were to go to a smithy to get a common nail made, if opportunity offered to the bystanders they would examine it most minutely to see if it was anything but a nail." And so year by year he became a poorer man. Though often visited by gentlemen from France, Austria, and Switzerland, who would willingly have availed themselves of his inventive faculties, he persistently held by his native land. He died at his little house in King Street on the 26th of June, 1827, aged seventy-four years.

Such in brief is the history which Mr. Bayes's picture recalls *



OLD PANEL IN CROMPTON'S ROOM.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE:

THEIR INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, THEIR VIRTUES AND THEIR VICES.

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S., ETC., ETC.

SECOND PAPER.

I.—A NATIONAL LEDGER.

THERE was reason for great satisfaction when, amidst the thrilling accounts of the fearful destruction of public buildings in Paris at the hands of the Communists in May, 1871, the announcement came that the Bank and the *Grand Livre* were safe. Imagine the loss and confusion which would have arisen by the burning of the record of the names of all the fundholders in France. The Bank of England has a similar record of British fundholders, three copies of which only are printed and kept, where all the transfers of consols and other public securities are day by day registered. And what a precious

volume it is! But I have before me another book, larger than any of these—not a register, but a ledger of the income and expenditure of the British people. On the one side is the value of all the utilities produced from actual work in the year, or from previous accumulations; on the other is the expenditure of such utilities, their uses and abuses. Here is the annual produce of land and houses, mines and ironworks, railways, canals and shipping, commerce, manufacture, and industry, as well as the fruit of every species of labour and handicraft; there, the appropriation of such income and produce to the various pur-

* See French's "Life and Times of Crompton."

poses of life. The balance, if a surplus, representing so much added to the national stock; if a deficit, so much loss of national capital. Every well-ordered mercantile house or householder has, or should have, its own ledger. Let me try to construct one for the nation. It may not be absolutely accurate in all its details, yet in substance it may not be very far from the truth.

II.—THE DEBIT SIDE OF THE LEDGER.

What shall we put on the debit side of the great book? Among the utilities shall we include the freedom, intelligence, power, and influence of the British people—their genius, their prowess, their precious inheritance of religion and morals? These, indeed, are sacred trusts, which should be economised and utilised like any other possession, but they are neither material nor transferable. Nor can we take into account the many splendid galleries of paintings and sculpture, the British Museum and other rich libraries, the crown jewels and other gorgeous paraphernalia, nor Westminster Abbey and other great monuments of antiquity; for these riches do not give their possessors at all times a command over the industries of the people. Nor can we put on the debit side the corpus of the property, for what is available is not the capital itself, but its annual produce. Restrict, however, the entries to the narrowest possible limits, still they are of enormous value. Addison represented public credit in England by the figure of a beautiful virgin seated on a throne of gold. Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, the floor was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her, and, wonder of wonders, she had the same virtue in her touch which the poets tell the Lydian king was possessed of, that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal! Yes, indeed, great is the wealth of these realms. Think of the vast amount of capital employed in every industry. Think of the huge warehouses replete with produce and merchandise. Think of the millions invested in British railways. Think of the enormous investments in the colonies and in foreign countries. Think of the splendid fleet of merchant ships, and say whether the British people are rich or not. Only remember that it is not the capital itself, but the income from it that we must put on the debit side of the national ledger. It is only with the money that comes in and goes out that we have to deal, but we need not go any farther, for it is a marvellous amount.

III.—WHAT IS INCOME?

It is not the capital, but the income, that we must put on the debit side; but what income? The gross receipts from any resource is not the income, for it is only when we deduct from the total receipts of any given source the total cost of producing them that we arrive at the real income. The word "income" is often misleading. The

same amounts of income from lands, houses, consols, terminable annuities, commerce, manufacture, labour, or industry are, and mean, in reality, quite a different thing. Here are five persons nominally receiving £1,000 each per annum.* The annual income is alike, but the capital how different, and why? The reason is that the proportion of expenses to be deducted from each description of income differs considerably, the number of years the income will last in each case is very different; and whilst in the case of consols the capital is never touched, in the case of terminable annuities the annual income includes part payment of capital. Hence the value of all these varied incomes is very different at the money market.

IV.—INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL INCOME.

Again, we cannot add up all the incomes of the thirty-five millions of British people and say that is the national income, for not all incomes are derived from independent sources of production, or from the production of new utilities. The income from interest in the British funds represents a simple transfer from the nation to the fundholder. Whilst a clerk in a mercantile house, an artisan, or a labourer, earns what he produces; a Civil Service clerk receives what he does not help to produce, because all expenses connected with the maintenance of order and justice is not directly a productive expenditure. And the income of professional men, such as doctors and lawyers, ministers of religion, artists, and domestic servants, constitutes the expenditure of other branches of society. The amount paid comes out of one pocket and goes into another. We must be careful as to what we put on the debit side of our national ledger, lest we should put on it more than is actually received, or insert the same amount more than once.

V.—RECIPIENTS OF THE NATIONAL INCOME.

On the great ledger are those who, by inheritance, gift, or purchase, by discovery, labour, or skill, have acquired a lawful right to any portion of the national income. Of course we cannot go back to the origin of titles, and inquire into the circumstances under which they were acquired. Under the Celtic tribes the land was possessed by the clans. Under the feudal system the sovereign is the supreme lord of the land, and every one holds under him as tenant. However it be, we must accept facts as they are. Hence it was absurd in the recent controversy about land in Ireland to raise the question, so long ago settled, about the original rights of the Irish landowners. It

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B	"	6,500 in Long Annuities	"	1,000
C	"	25,000 in Houses	"	1,000
D	"	30,000 in Land in England	"	1,000
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is enough if the present recipients of national incomes can produce a lawful title. But besides those who have a lawful title to participate in the national income, there are those who receive a share of it as from the compassionate fund of the entire community. What are in effect the Poor Laws but laws entitling even the most indigent and wretched among men to demand a supply sufficient for all the necessities of life from the more opulent part of the community?—a humane provision, no doubt, though not a little tainted by communism, and the fruits of which are by no means altogether beneficent. Happily no real names occur on this ledger, for with the income, or private affairs of individuals, the State has nothing to do. The Inland Revenue Commissioners give us the number of persons and firms assessed or charged, or the number of assessments made, or the number of properties charged, but no names of persons. It was quite a new feature of the Domesday Book of 1875 to give the names of landowners, with the number of acres of land they possessed, and the amount of their valuation, but the practice is objectionable in the highest degree, and will not be repeated. It is only after death that curiosity is allowed to pry into the amount left by this or that other person by will, and even this is an interference which might well be restrained. One more word about the recipients of the national income. From no source can we get at the whole amount of an individual's income, for the same person who has a large income from land may be also a considerable houseowner, have money in the funds, and shares in railways and other companies. The Revenue Commissioners tax incomes, as far as they can, at their source, and get at the remainder from the declaration made by the parties themselves.

VI.—IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURE.

Taking it all in all, the agricultural is certainly the first, if not the largest, interest in the country, for it gives employment to the greatest number of persons, and its influence on the welfare of the nation is paramount. The safety of the throne and the stability of political institutions have often been seen to hang on a good harvest. The old French political economists used to say that society has no other income than the produce of the soil. In their opinion manufacturers only use and adapt the products of agriculture, and commerce distributes them, but agriculture brings the essence of wealth into existence. Without going so far as these old economists, and while repudiating the idea that all other interests should be sacrificed at the altar of the landed interest, true it is that from agriculture a considerable portion of the means of existence of the whole nation depends, and that the prosperity of landowners and farmers goes always hand in hand with the prosperity of the country at large. What is it that the British people get from their land? Sir James Caird, in his work on the landed interest and their supply of food, gives the quantity of home agricultural produce consumed annually at

437,000,000 cwts., and its value at £260,000,000.* What is a good harvest? It is the full fruition of two hundred and sixty million pounds a year into the laps of the British people. What is a bad harvest?† What is a cattle-plague? It is the destruction of millions and millions of British wealth. Forty millions a year were thus lost for four consecutive years, from 1879 to 1882. Well may we pray with all our hearts "that our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets; that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

VII.—THE LANDOWNERS.

First, among the recipients of income from agriculture are the landowners. At all times land has been accounted as the most palpable visible sign of wealth. It is the coveted object of aristocratic society. There may be millionaires among the mercantile classes with very large balances at their bankers', but the nobleman proper does not count these riches wealth; what he prides himself on is a large number of broad acres. And practically land is a monopoly in the hands of the peer of the realm, even although merchant princes often succeed in getting some choice estates in their hands, and land companies do their utmost to diffuse property in land, especially for political purposes. Land in the United Kingdom is held by comparatively very few. In England and Wales, exclusive of all small properties under an acre, one-fourth of the land belongs to twelve hundred persons, and another fourth to six thousand four hundred. So that seven thousand six hundred persons own the half of England, the other half being distributed among three hundred and eleven thousand persons. In England there is one landowner to every twenty-six families. In Ireland one landowner to every fifty-two families; and in Scotland one to every eighty-four families. What a contrast this with the state of matters in France, where there are five millions and a half owners of land to seven millions and a half families. Whilst in England the possession of land is the privilege of the few, on the Continent it is the

	Cwts.	Value.
* Wheat	55,000,000	£32,187,500
Barley	44,000,000	19,800,000
Oats	64,000,000	28,800,000
Beans and Peas .	14,000,000	6,300,000
Total Corn . .	177,000,000	87,087,500
Potatoes	111,000,000	16,650,000
Wool	1,214,000	8,500,000
Butchers' Meat .	24,500,000	87,000,000
Cheese and Butter	3,000,000	13,500,000
Milk		26,000,000
Hay	80,000,000	16,000,000
Straw sold . . .	40,000,000	6,000,000
	436,714,000	£260,737,500

† The average value of the crops in Ireland, from 1874 to 1883, was £31,700,000 per annum. In 1879 the crops were valued at £22,700,000, or £9,000,000 below the average; and in 1875 they were valued at £36,000,000, or about £4,000,000 above the average of the ten years. In 1883 the value of the crops was £32,800,000.

ambition of the many. There are political and social advantages certainly in a wide distribution of land, but from an economic aspect it is quite otherwise, for small properties are worked at a much larger cost than great ones, since they admit of a greater investment of capital, favour the introduction of modern improvements, and prevent an infinity of mortgages and charges. It is, indeed, well known that, notwithstanding a richer soil and a more favourable temperature, acre for acre, land in England produces more than land in France.

What is the landowners' share of the produce of land? The landowners' income from land is very considerable, though the development of other resources has in a manner tended to reduce its proportionate relation to other incomes. In 1814-15, 56 per cent. of the whole taxable income was from land. In 1882-3 the proportion was only 24 per cent.; and yet, whilst in 1814-5, the income from land in England was £34,000,000, in 1881-2 it was £52,000,000. Altogether, £69,000,000 a year is got from rent of land in the United Kingdom—at least, that is the portion for which the landowners are assessed to income-tax under Schedule A, subject, however, to taxes and all the mortgages upon their land, for who can tell how much they have borrowed? Who can tell how much landowners owe to insurance companies, to bankers, and money-lenders? If a fourth of the total cultivated land of the United Kingdom belongs to about twelve hundred persons, it would follow that a fourth of the £69,000,000 income would be likewise so distributed, but there is a wonderful difference between acreage and value. Compare the value of an acre of land in the city of London and an acre of land in Dorsetshire* or Sutherlandshire. Fancy what enormous fortunes have accrued to those who inherited or purchased land useful for building purposes in our large towns! And how poor on the other hand is the value of moor or boggy land. It has been argued that the unearned increment from the more favoured portions should belong to and be appropriated by the State. It is, however, a well recognised principle of law that the proprietor of real estate has a right to any improvement in its value from whatever cause, and certainly any limitation of such right would operate as a discouragement to the acquisition of property. The owner of property must be allowed to take his chances of any future improvement if he has to take his chance of any future deterioration.

VIII.—THE FARMERS.

But next to the landowners come the farmers, who are charged to income-tax under Schedule B. The farmer is a producer or manufacturer. He rents a farm in the hope of gain. He erects the steading, cleans and drains the land, eradicates noxious

weeds, makes the road, the bank, the fence, the bridge, purchases guano or other fertilisers, puts on the land a sufficient number of live stock, buys all the necessary implements, including the reaping-machine, the thrashing-machine, the steam-plough, and the steam-engine. And he expects from the annual produce sufficient to recoup himself of all his expenses, to pay the rent, and secure a sufficient profit for himself and his family. Most farmers have but small incomes. As many as one million and a half of separate properties are assessed under this schedule of the income-tax, but three-fourths of the number are exempted, principally in respect of incomes under £150 per annum. The total gross income of farmers from the employment of land is as much as that from the ownership of land, or £69,000,000, but the amount charged to duty is only £34,000,000. Together, the gross total income of landlords and farmers amounts to £138,000,000 a year.

IX.—HOUSE PROPERTY.

Nearly as great as the income from land is the income from house property, also charged to income-tax under Schedule A. As we have seen already, not many of the inhabited houses in the United Kingdom are high rented. It is only the residences in the metropolis and large towns, and the palaces of the nobles of the land, that are of high value, but the number of houses is very large and their aggregate value is considerable. Twenty years ago the total estimated rental of houses was £62,000,000; in 1882 it amounted to £117,000,000, a fourth of which was the rental of houses in the metropolis. But to whom do the houses belong? The ultimate owners of all the houses are the owners of the land on which the houses are built. They are the freeholders and lessors, and from them the titles pass through many hands during a period of about one hundred years, till the property comes back to the original owner.* Unfortunately, however, the system of exhaustive leases encourages a shifting propensity among the people, and has the worst effect on the property under it. The freeholder, the leaseholder, the builder, the tenant, as well as the labouring population, all suffer both in their means and in their moral and social interests. The freeholder has doubtless a right of reversion at the expiration of the lease, but if some plots of land improve, other plots are depreciated, and it is a question whether he would not do better by selling the freehold out and out at twenty-five years' valuation, and take the interest on the money, than by giving a lease at a ground rent and secure the reversion. The leaseholder with limited interest keeps back all solid improvements, so that the property gets depreciated on his hands. The builder adapts his work to the requirements of the hour in building frail, rickety houses. The tenant, having no resting-place, takes no interest whatever in the house in which

* The city of London, with only 668 acres, had in 1881-2 an estimated rental of £4,176,000, giving a proportion of £6,251 per acre. The county of Dorset, with 627,000 acres, had an estimated rental of £1,124,000, or a proportion of £1 15s. per acre. Sutherland, with 1,207,000 acres, had an estimated rental of £95,000, or a proportion of one shilling and sixpence per acre.

* See an article on the "Ethics of Urban Leaseholds" in the "British Quarterly Review," April, 1879.

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he lives. Would it not be of great advantage to encourage as much as possible the redemption of the ground rent? The experiment of enfranchising copyholds into freeholds has been attended with success. And much good might be anticipated were leaseholders of houses and cottages empowered to purchase the fee simple of their property when able and willing to do so. I do trust, therefore, that the bill brought in last session for that purpose in the House of Commons by Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Burt, Mr. Reid, and Mr. Passmore Edwards, may be reintroduced next session and that the subject matter may be carefully investigated. Meanwhile, building companies are extending their operations. According to the latest returns they count as many as half a million of members, and have a balance in hand in mortgage securities, not including prospective interest, amounting to £46,000,000.

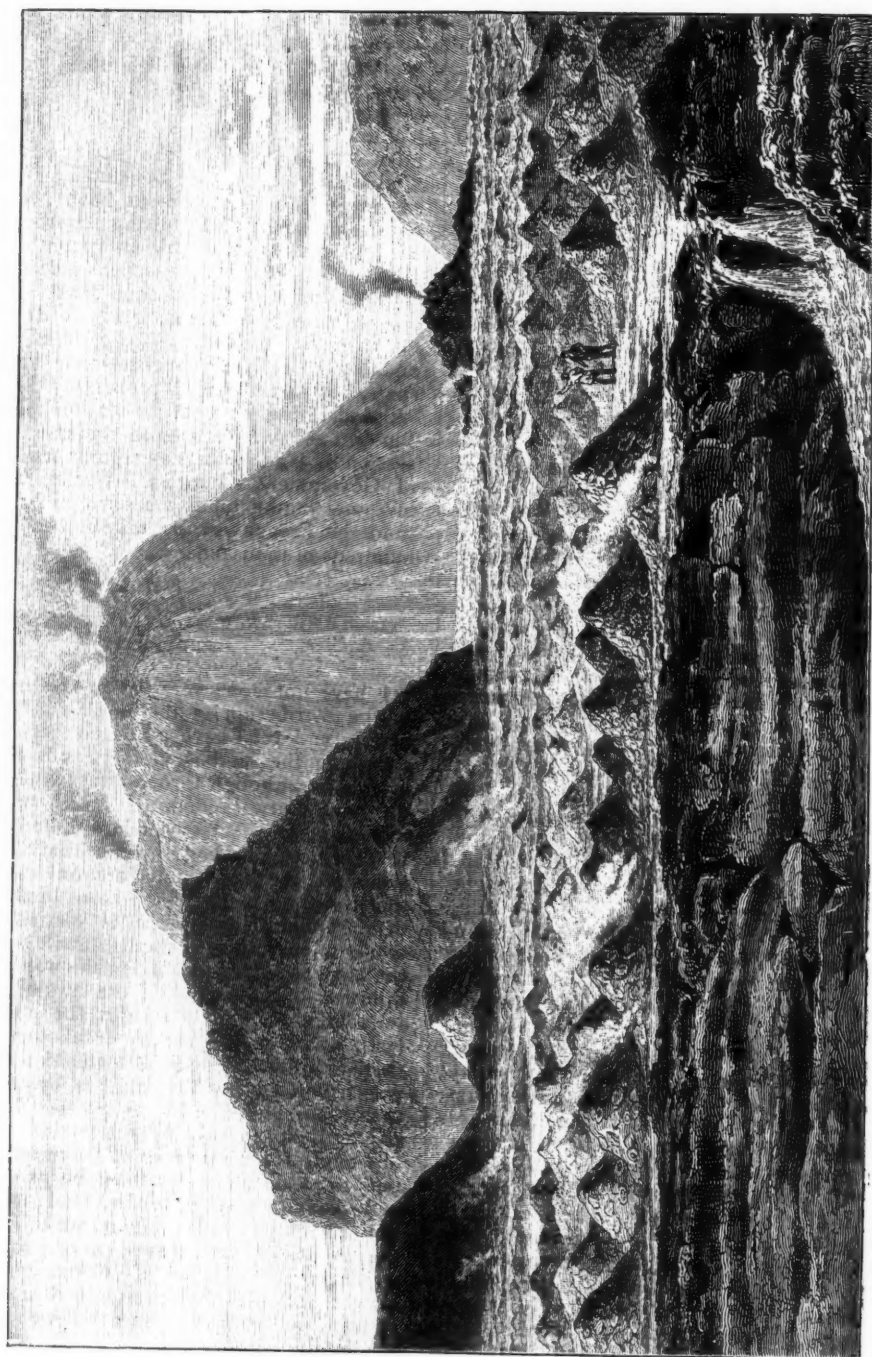
X.—THE FUNDHOLDERS.

Another class of happy recipients in my imagined National Ledger, with incomes in great part more certain even than those of landowners and houseowners, is that of fundholders—the creditors of British and foreign nations, as well as the recipients of dividends and interest in capital invested abroad, assessed to income-tax under Schedule C, to the amount of £39,846,000. Should a State contract debt? What circumstances can justify its ever doing so? That in time of peace it is the paramount duty of the State to maintain an equilibrium between the revenue and the expenditure is a position which will at once be conceded. But if for any unforeseen and extraordinary purpose the amount required within the year should be greater than the people can spare from their ordinary income, then a loan might be preferable to an excess of taxation. Would, indeed, that States had no undue facilities for borrowing money. What a check it would prove to a wanton and aggressive policy, what sacrifices would thereby be avoided, what ruin averted, what safety would accrue to capital and industry, what gain to humanity! Britain has waged many a war, hence she has to bear the penalty in a heavy load of debt, which, on the 31st March last, amounted to the handsome sum of upwards of £700,000,000, due in different amounts from £5 and upwards per annum to about two hundred thousand fundholders. The income assessed to income-tax under Schedule C, in the year ended 5th April, 1881, amounted to £39,847,000, which at 4 per cent. represents a capital of nearly £1,000,000,000 invested in public securities, British and foreign, exclusive, however, of large sums invested abroad, the interest and dividends on which are not paid in the United Kingdom. But why are the fundholders so few in number? Partly because the loans are

always contracted by the State with the principal bankers, who apportion the loan among their friends; partly because difficulties have stood in the way of getting small amounts so invested; and partly because the great number of large or small capitalists look for a higher percentage than less than 3 per cent. for their savings. A useful Act was passed in 1881 to facilitate the investment of small sums in Government stocks through the savings-banks, and already, by the 31st December, 1882, some seventeen thousand persons have become possessors of such stock, having together the sum of upwards of one million pounds to their credit. In 1882 17,000 persons made purchases of stock through the savings-banks. Of these, 10,714 were in England, 1,223 in Ireland, and only 216 in Scotland. Why are the Scotch last and least? It is not because they have less to spare, but because in all probability they are not satisfied with 3 per cent. or less for their money. But just as we have seen in the case of the possession of land, so it is as regards the possession of Government securities. Whilst the English investors in the funds are counted by the thousand the French *rentiers* may be counted by the hundreds of thousands.

XI.—IMPORTANCE OF GREATER DIFFUSION OF PROPERTY.

I have not gone very far in the examination of the distribution of the income of the British people, and yet I have produced facts enough to show that the land is in the hands of the very few; that, although through the leasehold system the temporary holders of house property are numerous, the real ownership of houses is likewise in very few hands; and that Government securities, the safest which any one can hold, are mostly in the hands of the more opulent portion of the population. What is wanted to spread contentment and to encourage thrift is to remove the hindrances which stand in the way of a greater diffusion of property. If the laws of entail and primogeniture unduly restrict the possession of land, by all means modify or abolish them. If there are difficulties to the acquisition of freehold property in houses and cottages, by all means let them be removed. If any greater facilities are required in the way of a diminution of the cost or trouble for the transfer of Government securities, most decidedly let them be given. Let us endeavour to instil into the mind of all a sense not only of political freedom, but of full right to the acquisition and possession of property. Let us encourage a sense of self-respect—aye, of honest pride—in the possession of a stake in the country, and we may be sure that we shall thereby render the mass of the people happier members of society, and better members of the British Commonwealth.



(From Humboldt's "Vues dans les Cordillères.")

THE VOLCANO OF JORULLO.

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EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

II.

TERROR, danger, and prejudice have vitiated most earlier records of earthquakes and eruptions. Even during the recent catastrophe in Ischia no reliable observations appear to have been recorded. Explanations of the calamity are left to the imagination, or to the theories already favoured by individual scientists. Professor Palmieri attributes it to the falling-in of subterranean quarries and other cavities; M. Daubree, charged with a report for the French Academy, prefers a theory of his own, based on experiments regarding the penetration of water through heated rocks; while two papers read to the British Association suggest the bad material and architecture of the houses, combined with a slight earthquake of volcanic origin. A long popular theory of the origin of volcanic craters has derived its chief support from a statement, quoted by Humboldt, that the volcano of Jorullo in Central America had "swollen up like a bladder." This description, obtained from Spanish monks, who quote classical authors on every conceivable subject, was doubtless derived from a passage in Ovid, describing the eruption of Methone in precisely similar terms, while all doubts in the mind of the chroniclers would have vanished in deference to the similar expressions employed by Aristotle. In the seventeenth century a still more remarkable story of a volcano in Nicaragua was transmitted by a Spanish monk who had actually visited the crater. He discovered that it was filled with molten gold. A joint-stock company was started, and apparatus for descending into the crater and ladling out the golden lava was employed, apparently without success. The Government interfered, gold-mining being a monopoly, and the volcano was officially closed; but the dean of the chapter of Leon subsequently obtained an authorisation to resume the work and remove the gold.

An earthquake on the coast of Chili in 1822 is frequently quoted as having produced a sudden upheaval of several feet along a great extent of coast; but this upheaval was denied by the only scientific observer present at the time; and all observations subsequently made appear to be doubtful and conflicting. The best local authority, Professor Philippi of Santiago, has recently written against the probability of this occurrence, and remarks that "there are many people, even among the educated, who, in explaining a phenomenon, never invoke the simplest and most natural cause." The supposed earthquake upheaval of the Ullahbund, in the delta of the Indus, has been similarly doubted on strong grounds. The upheaval of a considerable extent of coast to an average height of three or four feet appears, however, to have been well authenticated in New Zealand as accompanying an earthquake in 1855, but whether the upheaval was the cause or the effect of the earthquake appears undetermined, and it was

certainly accompanied by the sinking of another extensive portion of the same district. Fuchs, from a careful survey of earthquake phenomena, concludes that since such have been scientifically observed, "among many thousands of earthquakes not a single case of upheaval has presented itself," and there can be no doubt that such occurrences are among the most exceptional features of earthquake action. Such rare events are, however, precisely those which find a place in popular records, and are apt to be hastily assumed as occurring in similar circumstances elsewhere.

Geologists are not to blame for the wildest theories on these matters; their real business is the mapping and detailed interpretation of the accessible rocks, and they would gladly leave speculation on the interior of the earth till that necessary preliminary work is fairly completed. The speculations of astronomers, physicists, and mathematicians have, however, been frequently quoted in geological works, and have been employed to fill the gaps of knowledge in manuals constructed on some ambitious system. The nebular hypothesis of Laplace, affording an elegant solution of many astronomical problems, has been frequently assumed as a sufficient explanation of the origin of the solar system, including all the main features of the earth's structure and economy. According to this hypothesis the nebulae are masses of fiery vapour, containing all the constituents and forces necessary to evolve solar systems. Improved telescopes and spectroscopic observation have shown that the nebulae are very different from what Laplace supposed. The features of the moon's surface are as different as could well be imagined from those of the earth, although both on this theory should have been mainly carved by the same processes. Sir W. Thomson has shown that the consequences of the same theory are incompatible with the main conclusions of geologists, and he has invoked the agency of meteorites to account for the origin of life on the earth, which is one of the innumerable details neglected or overlooked by the followers of Laplace. Two eminent chemists have really attempted to explain on the same theory the chemical phenomena of the earth; but their explanations, proving flatly contradictory, resulted in nothing more than an unseemly wrangle. The first serious attempt to explain the phenomena of mountain chains on the same theory has been lately made by Pfaff of Erlangen, a writer frequently quoted as one of the most ingenious and uncompromising defenders of the doctrines of Laplace.* The result of this serious examination has been to convince him, by experiment, reasoning, and calculation, that the theory utterly fails to meet the facts of observation, that it raises

* "Der Mechanismus der Gebirgsbildung, von Dr. F. Pfaff." Heidelberg, 1880.

greater difficulties than any which it removes, and that even the dissolving of rocks by percolating water at great depths is a better explanation of the general contraction of the earth's crust than the view that the earth is a fiery globe cooling down from an original nebular condition. Even the greater number of those who still attribute the ultimate origin of volcanoes and earthquakes to a supposed molten nucleus of our earth have been led to admit that the facts of observation are incompatible with any direct connection between the molten nucleus and the phenomena. Hot springs are now generally admitted to proceed from old areas of volcanic action, or from regions that have been powerfully heated by the rubbing together of shifting masses of rock.

The very gradual rise of temperature in mines and borings, observed to an extreme depth of less than the ten-thousandth part of the earth's diameter, is thus the main fact that can be adduced to prove the tremendous conclusion that the same rise of temperature would proceed indefinitely, as we penetrated deeper, until it would attain a heat sufficient to melt the most refractory substances. Even here the differences observed are so considerable, and the difficulties of observation are so confusing, that the interpretation depends greatly on arbitrary assumptions. In some cases the heat of artesian wells is almost certainly due to vestiges of local volcanic action; the heat produced by mere chemical decompositions in mines is sometimes unbearable; and the area of the earth's surface as yet tested by borings is but a small portion of that fourth part of the globe which is not covered by the oceans. Mallet, G. Darwin, Mohr, Volger, Bianconi, and others have suggested various processes accounting for more or less of this internal heat. Until quite lately no scientist appears to have attempted to consider what would occur as regards temperature in mines and borings, supposing that there were no internal source of heat. Loschmidt has recently investigated this curious question in the light of the newest theories regarding heat, and finds that, owing to the mere relation between temperature and the varying intensity and distribution of gravity within the mass of the earth, there would be a rise of temperature such as actually occurs. According to this speculation the rise would, moreover, proceed at a diminishing rate with increasing depth, as actually noted in the very few cases carefully observed,—a circumstance only explicable, on the theory of Laplace, by the introduction of additional arbitrary assumptions. But the main practical objection to the theory of a fiery nucleus is its tendency to excite crude speculations which retard the progress of science. The history of geology abounds with examples of erroneously-assumed confirmations of the doctrines of Laplace.

The essential points of such speculations regarding the nucleus of the earth have no necessary connection with higher mathematics, although they are often expressed in that technical language, much as doubtful and arbitrary assumptions were often expressed in Greek in the ambitious disquisitions of former times. On this subject the

language of Professor Green may be aptly quoted, since he is both a Cambridge Fellow and an eminent geologist. "It is unfortunate that in this and many other geological questions the data are too scanty to allow of our availing ourselves of the aid of mathematical analysis; but if this be so, it is better frankly to acknowledge the fact, and not to attempt to support or overthrow a theory by a show of numerical accuracy which has no sound basis to rest upon." Mathematicians, in their contributions to geology, usually treat the earth as if it were a ball of steel or glass submitted to the action of such forces as may be brought to bear in a laboratory. Geologists, by patient observation of the actual rocks, have learnt to regard the earth as a highly complex organism, the seat of perpetual changes of vast but imperfectly understood character, acting continuously through long periods of time. Thus the mathematician would argue that if the earth had solidified at a certain epoch in past time, its shape would have preserved the impress of early astronomical conditions; but the geologist, knowing that at least to very great depths the component particles of the earth have been perpetually changing their relative positions through the action of waves, streams, springs, glaciers, and winds, as well as of volcanic movements, emissions, and injections, and of those strange movements that have repeatedly curled and crumpled the fossiliferous rocks long after their deposition in the sea, can affirm that whatever impress may have been received in the past must have been long since obliterated, and replaced by a form adapted to the conditions of the present day. Playfair, Herschel, Mohr, and others have developed this important point, while some have suggested that the earth as a whole may possess a secular viscosity.

In the middle ages it was the fashion to explain every conceivable occurrence by the supposed laws of physics laid down by preceding writers, and to set no limits whatever to the field of speculation. In the last century there were many philosophers who would provide an explanation on any given question from the laws of mechanics and the doctrine of fermentation. At the present day there are still some survivors of the school of Salerno, who on any question are prepared to say that there are only three conceivable explanations, and to prove mathematically that two are inadmissible, and consequently the third must be accepted. It is often forgotten that such reasoning is wholly inadmissible in questions of fact, and that the entire history of modern science is a series of instances of the fallacy of such arguments. Geology has existed as a science for less than a century; its results are imperfect and far from complete; but such as they are they afford the only real information we possess regarding such subjects as earthquakes and volcanoes. It is important that they should not be confounded with curious speculations that ignore the laboriously acquired results of observation, and that relate to experiments on materials of doubtful analogy, invoked for the support of *a priori* reasoning, precisely as Aristotle might have invoked the experi-

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Before leaving the fascinating field of *a priori* speculation to return to the more humble ground of facts, an example may be cited of the marvellous theories propounded by other intelligent men besides astronomers and mathematicians, who have ignored the teachings of geology. A voluminous manual, published for the instruction of American miners by a Cornish mining captain, contains a chapter entitled, "New Theories for Earthquakes." So far as the diction can be understood, it appears that the originally molten mass of the earth "would first solidify at the surface, and that many extensive portions of the earth's outer shell are actually arching over immense vaults of subterranean regions and numerous volcanoes, with their rivers and lakes of lava." It appears that "volcanic action, once much more general at the surface than now, has naturally retired, with decreasing temperature, to its more suitable subterranean regions, to discharge into these vaults." It seems that these subterranean volcanoes "hurl immense quantities of lava upwards to strike the interior of the upper crust with sufficient violence to produce what are termed earthquakes." And it further appears that subterranean mountain chains are forming "from contraction, etc.," in the same hollow vaults, "so that when a mountain range is thus suddenly shaped by this astounding crushing power, it would *bump against the outer shell*," and thus produce other earthquakes. Admirers of Jules Verne will probably prefer that ingenious writer's treatment of the same subject.

The real difficulty, in geological questions, is not the want of brilliant theories, but of facts sufficiently decisive to enable us to select the true explanation from the variety presented by human ingenuity. The island of Ischia is like a natural laboratory prepared for experiments in the various processes by which earthquake shocks might be produced. At Casamicciola, where the recent earthquake, as well as that of 1881, were most severely felt, a deep-seated mass of fine potter's clay has been mined by subterranean excavations during many centuries. Large portions of the overlying rocks have frequently fallen in on these cavities, so suddenly and unexpectedly, that the workmen have been unable to escape. A hill beside the village is riddled with the marks of such subsidences. Undoubtedly, as Professor Palmieri has suggested, these excavations have contributed to the insecurity of the site. But a far more powerful cause exists in the vast quantities of water, at a temperature very nearly approaching the boiling-point, which are perpetually poured out by the thermal springs adjoining the village. The amount of the solid constituents of the underlying rocks removed yearly in solution by these springs is certainly sufficient to give occasion to very considerable subsidences, suddenly occurring after long intervals of gradual preparation, and producing the most disastrous effects. The heat that warms these springs, and aids their corrosive action, is generally distributed over the island, which is an ancient mass of vol-

canic ejections, still retaining a considerable temperature.

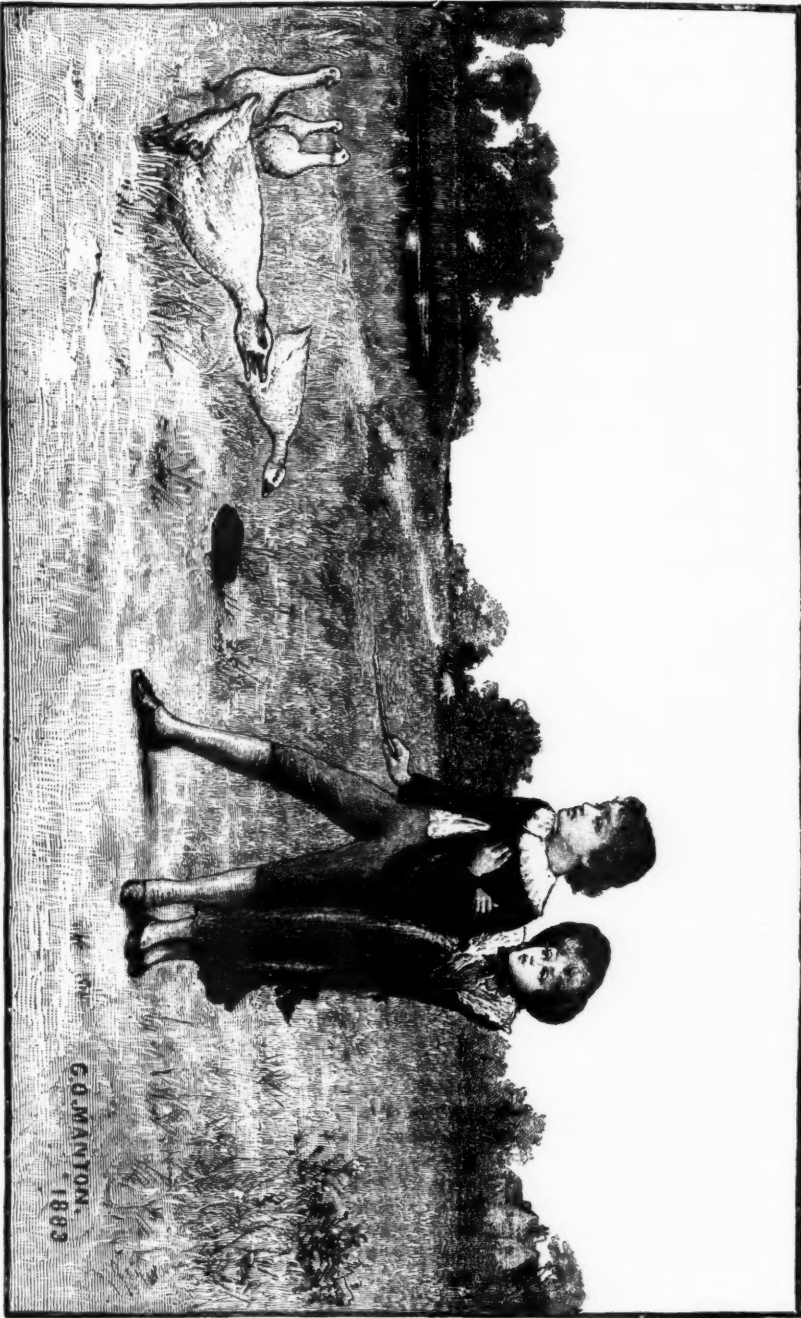
In the garden of the villa where I lived, near Lacco, a cavern had been excavated in the rock and provided with a door. It was only necessary to shut this door, and in a few seconds a perfect vapour bath was prepared by the hot moisture issuing from fissures in the rocks. High above the garden, on either side of the valley, cracks in the rocks emitted jets of steam, accompanied by sulphureous incrustations. The valley opened at each end into a sandy bay, and in these bays it was only necessary to remove about a foot of the surface sand to find the underlying water at a temperature as considerable as could conveniently be borne. Every evening the labourers from the vineyards and tomato-fields excavated small footbaths in the sand, and sat in circles with their feet in the hot water, enjoying a cheap refreshment after their work. At other places along the shore a hollow boiling sound could be distinctly heard beneath the sand, and curling wreaths of vapour wandered over its surface. In spite, however, of this persistent heat, no volcanic eruption has occurred in Ischia for nearly six centuries. The lava then emitted burst from the base of the chief mountain in a wide torrent, that is still almost as fresh in its appearance as any of the latest streams of Vesuvius. Scarcely a weed grows upon the black waves that rise abruptly among the luxuriant vines, and whose pitchy crests and cavernous hollows are shaped like the surface of a tormented sea. During about seventeen centuries previous to this eruption, the island appears to have maintained its usual tranquillity; but so gradual is the escape of heat from rocks once raised to a high temperature, that even a single stream of lava has been found to retain considerable heat after centuries of cooling; and Sir W. Thomson has seriously suggested that observations of the present temperature of intrusive igneous rocks of the coal formation might enable us to estimate the date of their eruption. The unequal contraction of the heated rocks of Ischia, occasioning fractures and shiftings; the sudden access of sea water to highly-heated portions of the interior; the sinking back of lava in the channels by which it has occasionally risen—are additional causes that, besides the clay-mines and the springs, might be invoked in explanation of catastrophes in the island. In Ischia there appears to be an unusually intimate blending of various processes that each bear a part in the general mechanism of earthquake and volcanic action.

Of these processes the power of percolating water has been especially studied by Bischof, whose researches in chemical geology form perhaps the most remarkable example of patient investigation recorded in the annals of the science. He is inclined to attribute the great majority of earthquakes to the removal of subterranean portions of rocks by springs, and to the softening of argillaceous beds by percolating water, as in the case of landslips, the wet clay often escaping sideways into the sea, and the overlying hard masses being thus suddenly deprived of support. Even De Lapparent, one of the most uncompromising

supporters of the old doctrine of a molten interior, admits that perhaps many of the 1,019 earthquakes recorded in Switzerland may be due to this cause; and it has been observed that earthquakes are not only more usual on rocks liable to such dissolving action, but that they are also most frequent in the rainy seasons. In the part of Switzerland most affected by earthquakes there are known, in the valley of Visp, more than twenty springs, each delivering large quantities of gypsum and other substances dissolved out of the underlying rocks. A single one of these springs has been estimated to deliver a mass of solid matter amounting to 60,000 cubic feet yearly. The springs of Canstadt deliver yearly an amount of rock material that would form a cube of fifty feet to the side. A spring at Nauheim delivers about 500 cubic yards yearly. Another at Louche delivers an amount which in a century would form a bed above a third of a square mile in extent and upwards of five feet thick. The springs round the Laacher See on the Rhine deliver an amount that could form in a thousand years a bed about two square miles in extent and one foot thick. The springs of Rothenfeld have dissolved an amount of rock that would form a cube of at least 400 feet to the side. The Vichy springs deliver more than 1,800 tons in a year; those of Olette, in the Pyrenees, yield about the same amount. The springs of Oedepsos, in Greece, are said to have actually deposited a line of hills attaining a height of 600 feet. Considering that such springs are numerous distributed over the earth, and that the rock material displaced by their operation is usually carried into rivers and seas without forming deposits in the neighbourhood, it is not surprising that this process should have attracted less attention than the more impressive effects of volcanoes. But, undoubtedly, during the immense periods of time that are attested by nearly every geological fact, the effects of this silent but ever active process must have produced a sinking-in of considerable regions to an extent to which no definite limits can be assigned. Yet this process of removal of the foundations of the rocks is by no means limited to the agency of ordinary or even thermal springs. In many places the proofs of a stranger and perhaps more important form of emanation have been detected. Especially in Belgium and in the neighbourhood of Paris it has been long maintained that important beds of the sedimentary rocks have been poured from fissures in the condition of sand and mud; some of the ancient conduits having been actually laid bare, and the continuity of the material traced by the aid of minute microscopical examination. Such emissions appear to be very generally distributed, and afford an explanation of very numerous geological phenomena that have received no other satisfactory interpretation. M. Stanislas Mennier classes the diamond sands of South Africa, and other

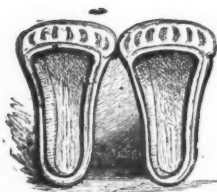
strange accumulations of material, derived probably from great depths, among such eruptive detritus. Many wide fissures filled with clay or sand, such as are frequently revealed in districts laid open by mining operations, appear to be among the ancient conduits of such emissions; and torrents of mud and sand, bursting out from the earth, have been often recorded as accompanying earthquakes. The ordinary emissions appear to have been sometimes of the nature of thermal springs and sometimes like the gradual eruptions of cold mud, which, under the name of *mudlumps*, form small islands at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Less general but still important causes of sinking, which must bear some part in the production of general movements, must be taken into account. The dissolving of masses of rock salt at considerable depths is probably much more common than has been supposed. The sinking of a considerable district in England, owing to the artificial dissolving out of the underlying beds of salt, has been recently brought to the notice of Parliament, and the artesian boring of Sperenberg, in the neighbourhood of Berlin, traversed a thickness of about 4,000 feet of rock salt without attaining its foundation. The gradual conversion of buried vegetable matter into coal is no less to be noted. Bischof has calculated that the shrinking produced by this process during the formation of the coalbeds of Saarbruck might involve a sinking of several thousand feet, and there can be no doubt that a great part of this sinking might occur after the accumulation of much superincumbent rock. The same observer has also shown that the decomposition of rocks by ordinary percolating water at great depths might increase their volume to even more than double, so that the decomposition of a mile of rock might raise the surface above a mile, while the reverse process of recrystallisation would produce the opposite effect. A variety of such chemical and physical processes of depression and upheaval might be detailed, and in several districts in Germany the subject may be studied on a small scale in cliffs that exhibit the slaking and consequent expansion of beds of anhydrite, followed by the dissolving out of the gypsum which is formed by the combination of anhydrite with water, the successive or simultaneous upheaval and depression thus produced having contorted the overlying rocks exactly as rocks are contorted in mountain chains. There may be some reason to question the upheaving power of these chemical processes on a large scale, but of their adequacy to produce great sinking there can be no doubt. Finally, it must be borne in mind that volcanic eruptions themselves raise materials from the depths of the earth to the surface, thus preparing subterranean hollows that may give occasion to subsequent subsidence.



HEROISM.

BOOTS AND SHOES FROM TUDOR TIMES UNTIL NOW.



When fashion left the peaked shoes it passed to the other extreme, and shoes became so preposterously broad that in England a law was made prohibiting their extending to more than six inches in width. Instead of ending in a long viper-like point, the shoe under the Tudors became so short that the upper part only just covered the toes, and was sometimes fastened by a band over the instep, just as is the case with the shoe of an infant (Page 44, figs. 25, 26). The short shoe just described was the fashion both in Germany and France at the era of the Reformation. In France, under Louis XII, the upper was made of velvet and slashed, but in England it appears to have been pleated as well as slashed, for in a satirical poem of the period, called "The Maner of the World nowadays," we read:

"Suche garded huoes,
Suche playted shoes,
And suche a pose,
Say I never."

Does not this rhyme, by the way, give us the old pronunciation of the word shoes—*shose*, showing it to be an Anglicised form of the French *chausses*?

Garded huoes, hose adorned with stripes of various colours, the two legs being sometimes of quite opposite colours, were fashionable at this time, and the slashes in the shoes were made in order to show the hose. In Edward the Sixth's time the round toes tended again to a point, and became much longer in the uppers (Fig. 27). The



FIG. 27.—SHOE OF TIME OF EDWARD VI.

hose, which was generally of dark-coloured cloth, must have had a very pretty effect seen through light kid shoes, such as were then worn.

The shoes of the early Tudors had hardly any heels, but during the reign of Henri II of France, cotemporary with Edward VI, the French ladies wore prodigious heels to their shoes, rendering them quite cloven-footed. In both countries it was the fashion to adorn the shoes with large rosettes. When Shakespeare makes Hamlet say, "With two provincial roses on my razed shoes,"

he certainly refers to this custom, and probably in the word "razed" we have a reference to the high-heeled shoe. As the expression "provincial roses" means roses like those found at Provins in Lower Brie, it would seem that the fashion of wearing rosettes as well as high heels came from France. In a portrait of Louis XIV when young, his shoe is adorned with an enormous rosette (Fig. 28). There is a lady's shoe at Cluny, of the time of Henry II, with a great rose on the instep made of silver lace. This shoe has a very thin, high, wedge-shaped heel and a long metallic point, engraved in chevrons, attached to the toe (Fig. 29).



FIG. 29.—LADY'S SHOE OF COURT OF HENRY II. OF FRANCE.

Concurrently with the rosetted shoes it was the fashion in France to wear a kind of *galoche*, called a *patin*, which was in reality a shoe with a wooden sole with two clumps, the interval forming a sort of arch. Every one wore them, and those of the rich were so ornamented as to attract the denunciations of the pulpit. They were still in fashion under Henri IV. Perhaps the Shakesperian allusion was to such shoes, especially as they are very much akin to the stage-shoe, or buskin.

Not only rosettes but ribbons were worn on the shoes under the Tudors, all colours being admissible except the Yorkish white, and for the same reason red as the loyal colour was the most fashionable.

Luxury in shoes was carried as far under the broad-toe *régime* as under the pointed. Cardinal Wolsey is said to have worn gold shoes, by which we suppose is intended shoes embroidered with gold thread. When we read that Sir Walter Raleigh used to go to Court in shoes so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded in value £6,600, we understand the danger which threatened England in consequence of the discovery of the New World, and why Puritans made such a stand for simplicity in dress. The "great Eliza," as we all know, had a very feminine weakness in this direction, and the gentlemen of her Court evidently played upon it. Gray introduces Sir Christopher Hatton dancing before the queen, and declares that—

"His bushy beard and shoe strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

To which of the four points in the attire of the capering chancellor this momentum is to be ascribed does not appear. Possibly to the "green shoe strings." The "Tatler" warned its readers "that there is a very potent and dangerous charm in this rural colour when so worn."

At the close of the fifteenth century the nobility went into a fight armed *cap-à-pie*, their foot-gear being monstrous as the rest of their armour. Feet like great wedges, or formed like a vulture's claw (Fig. 30), were the fashion when Maximilian I

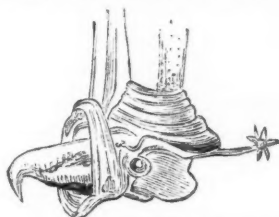


FIG. 30.—FOOT-GEAR OF GERMAN NOBLE, END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

became Emperor of Germany. But gunpowder exploded these final phantasies of feudalism, and, by the middle of the sixteenth century, men were riding to battle in great jack-boots. These boots were in some cases, as may be seen at Cluny, so immense that they attracted myths akin to those which surround the "giant-killer's seven-leagued boots." Thus it is gravely related by Brantome, in his "Hommes Illustres," that John Frederick of Saxony, being surprised by Alva, after the battle of Muhlberg, while at church, fled in dismay, leaving his gigantic boots behind, either of which was "large enough to hold a camp bedstead."

There are some specimens of early boots at Cluny, one of the time of Henry III which goes right over the knee. Doubtless these solid boots would stand years of wear and even then had an intrinsic value which caused them to descend to strange uses. Thus, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Petrucio is described as coming "in a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced."

In the time of the Tudors it was rare for a nobleman even to wear boots, but towards the latter part of the reign of James I boots became the wear of all classes in England. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador of the day, told his countrymen that all the citizens in London went about booted, just as if they were about to go out of town, and that all Englishmen, even the ploughmen and meanest artisans, wore boots. Nevertheless, boots had not ceased to be the distinctive mark of a man in a good position. "He's a gentleman, I can assure you, sir, for he walks always on boots," says some one in a dramatic work of the time (1616). An incidental proof then is this going about in boots of the general prosperity of all classes in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The boot of this period, as given in the fine

statue by Rude of Louis XIII, was extremely well made and fitted closely to the leg, coming up to the thighs, where it ended in a scalloped edging (Fig. 31).



FIG. 31.—BOOT OF LOUIS XIII.

In Massinger's "Guardian" (1633) certain tradesmen to be robbed were to be recognised, "if they walk on foot, by their rat-coloured stockings and shining shoes; if horsemen, by short boots and riding furniture of several counties." From this we learn that the early part of the seventeenth century was in advance of the eighteenth with regard to the shoeblack's art, since in the time of George I nothing was used to black boots and shoes but some viscid liquid incapable of giving them a polish. However, in the days of Elizabeth and James I, shining shoes were considered decidedly dandaical, and fit subjects for the mirth of the humorists. Thus, in the "City Match," Newton, rallying Plotwell for becoming a merchant, exclaims, "Slid! his shoes shine too!" And in "Every Man in his Humour," Kiteley observes that Wellbred's acquaintance "mock him all over, from his flat cap unto his shining shoes."

There is a handsome shoe at Cluny, found at Avignon, that belonged to Henri de Montmorency, beheaded at Toulouse in 1632. It is of solid black leather, just fitted to take a polish. Very long, square, and broad in the toes, with a high wooden heel covered with red leather, it is a good specimen of the shoes worn in the Court of



FIG. 32.—STYLE OF SHOE, TIME OF CHARLES I.

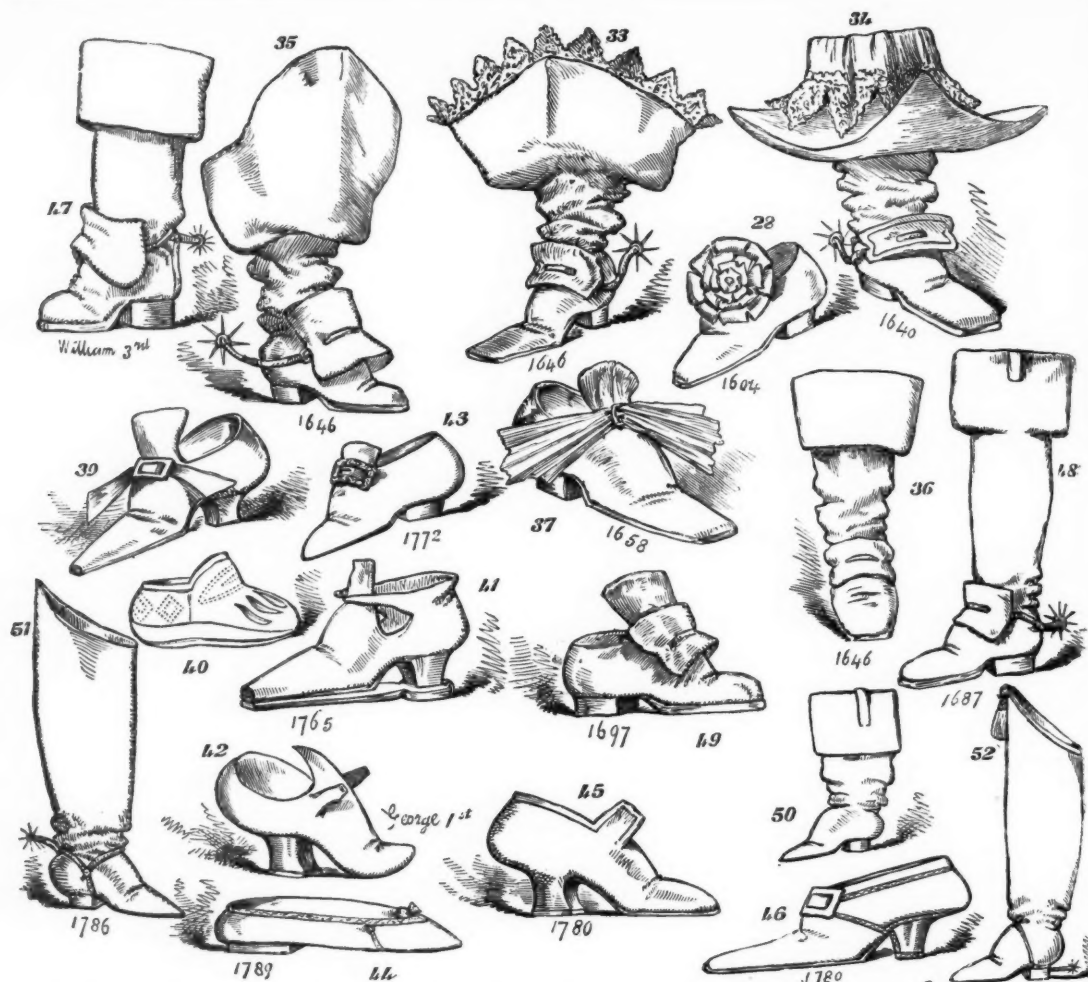


Fig. 28.—Rosetted Shoe. Figs. 33 and 34.—Cavalier's Boots. Fig. 35.—Puritan Boot. Fig. 36.—Ordinary Boot, Commonwealth. Fig. 37.—Courtier's Shoe, Charles II. Fig. 39.—Courtier's Shoe, William III. Fig. 40.—Lady's Shoe, William III. Fig. 41.—Curious Shoe, early part of Eighteenth Century. Fig. 42.—Lady's Shoe, George I. Figs. 43, 44, 45, and 46.—Shoes, George III. Fig. 47.—Boot, William III. Fig. 48.—Boot, James II. Fig. 49.—Shoe, William III. Fig. 50.—Top-boot. Fig. 51.—Boot, George III. Fig. 52.—Hessian Boot.

Charles I (Fig. 32). In our illustration we give two specimens of cavalier's boots. The same kind of toes are observable, the leg being of a soft flexible leather that lay in folds; the distinguishing peculiarity, however, is the enormous top, which was made to turn up or down at the will of the wearer. Fig. 33 is an example of the former, Fig. 34 of the latter. They were turned down in order to exhibit the lace trimmings which were attached to the cloth linings.

This fashion of giving boots the shape of a funnel was the sole extravagance in costume which the Puritans did not discard. The boots of a Roundhead were as outrageous in the matter of tops as those of a Cavalier. If any one looks at the Puritan boot depicted (Fig. 35) he cannot fail to observe its defiant character. Not only does it plant itself on the ground with Cromwellian firmness, but there are in the folds of the leg suggestions of stern old Ironside faces; taken with

the top, the outline of the back gives the profile of one of Frederick the Second's grenadiers; looked at in front you may fancy you see the Nestor of the old Imperial Guard. The more ordinary boot of the period is depicted in Fig. 36.

But the extravagancies of Cavalier and Roundhead were more than outdone by the *petits-maitres* of the Court of the Grand Monarque. How these little frogs tried to ape the lordly man who said, "France—it is I," one may see at Cluny. In deliciously made little boots they placed their diminutive feet, surrounding their thighs with tops at least seven times the circumference of the legs, so that they were compelled to straddle. These ridiculous boots had nothing warlike or terrible in them, for they were as correct in shape as a metal funnel. Similarly formed boots, of a rougher make and less incongruity between the top and leg, were called *Bottes à chaudron*, while a boot with far less expansive top, but with a sort of

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covered gallery of leather twisting about the instep and ankle, were called *Bottes à soufflet* (bellows boots). Boots worn at Court were often decked with a profusion of costly lace. Indeed the habit of decorating boots and shoes with bows and rosettes was carried to such an extent at this period that they were quite umbrageous, a fact which explains the allusion in *Hudibras*, where that redoubtable knight thus addresses the object of his admiration:—

"Madam, I do as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie."

The use of the shoe-tie as the main decoration was carried to its full excess by the bewigged and bespotted beaux of the Court of the Second Charles. The ribbons of the tie were very broad, and stiffened so as to stand out several inches on both sides. Fig. 37 is a specimen.

The ladies' shoes were not broad in the toe, nevertheless they ended squarely. In an Italian example we have seen of the time of the first two Stuarts the toe resembles a duck's bill. This was cut out very much at the sides in the mode of the former century, when it was the fashion to show the colour of the hose. The German shoes worn by ladies of the same period were simple and not inelegant (Fig. 38), but the fashions



FIG. 38.—GERMAN LADY'S SHOE, EARLY STUART PERIOD.

of Versailles were hard and ugly, and recall the satyr-like feet of the Court of Henry II. With wooden heels of bright red, or sometimes lacquered in white, with roses and green leaves painted over them; with uppers of white or red leather, or of yellow morocco, or of damask, or of sky-blue satin, the trimming being silver lace, these shoes were no doubt considered miracles of the shoemaker's art.

But in England their stiff and stately forms give place to a more plebeian shoe. In the foot-gear of the time of William III we have a shoe with a very encroaching point, the many furbelows and enormous stiff ties of absolutism being reduced to a pair of plain ribbons, which are firmly buckled on to the instep (Fig. 39). Ladies' shoes of the same period were sometimes slashed and decorated with a little embroidery. The little shoe (Fig. 40) below the one just described, appears to be an example. Next to it is another curious specimen of foot-gear, on which we see a clog of wood fastened to the sole (Fig. 41). This inconvenient shoe became fashionable about the latter end of the seventeenth century. From the date of our example it appears to have continued as late as 1765.

With the reign of George I a very homely shoe comes into vogue, bearing a near resemblance in shape to the old-fashioned coal-scuttle (Fig. 42). Having, however, seen many of its contemporaries

at Cluny, we know that, humble as was its shape, nothing could exceed in delicacy the material or the beauty of the colours in which it was made up. Of embroidered silk, of morocco, or fancy leather, the favourite colours seem to have been sky-blue, cabbage-green, or rose. At least so we judge from the examples at Cluny, where this period—that of Louis XV—is well represented. The general form is the same as here represented, but it becomes more picturesque and piquant than that of its English sister. The little upturned toes have a pettish air very suggestive of the frivolity of the time. Their great peculiarity is the position of the heel, which was placed almost in the centre of the foot.

A shoe square at the toe, with a very small diamond buckle, a monstrous flap on the instep, and a high heel, was the wear of the man of fashion in 1720. Seven years later red heels were the vogue, as Gay writes,—

"At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks to save a coach his red-heeled shoes."

During the reigns of the two simple-hearted kings, George III and Louis XVI, ladies wore a very plain style of shoe. The heel less towards the centre became lower and lower, a large ruche covered the instep, and the toe tended to become more and more oval (Fig. 43). Occasionally it was more pointed, as in the example (Fig. 44) 1789, which is like one at Cluny said to have belonged to the unfortunate *Princesse de Landballe*. A modification of this shape was worn by the women of the people, of course very much rougher in every way. It had two lappets on the instep with holes for a shoestring.

The material and colours of ladies' shoes during the last quarter of the eighteenth century had, notwithstanding their simple forms, something of the luxuriousness of the earlier generation. Thus the shoe marked Fig. 45 is of blue figured silk, richly decorated in needlework. As a rule, however, the colours become a little quieter and the trimming less profuse. The tendency is for the heel to sink more and more while the toe broadens and flattens, and sometimes elongates, as in Fig. 46.

High heels and buckles came into vogue once more with the year 1800, significant sign that reaction had once more gained the day, and expected to keep its place by coercive measures. The Napoleonic Court, however, did not patronise high heels, every one there standing on his own level, that level being exactly determined by the amount of assistance he had rendered, or was able to render, to its master's ambition. Flat shoes, sometimes round-toed, sometimes pointed, were the fashion of this period.

Few persons in the British Isles go better shod to-day than the British soldier. What his foot-gear was at the end of the seventeenth century may be seen by a glance at the ugly boot marked Fig. 47. The boot marked Fig. 48 appears to be that of a gentleman of the reign of James II, and is not at all bad, but the military boot is in every respect disagreeable. Enormously wide, the in-

terior must have required stuffing, with a heel so high as to throw the whole weight of the foot on the instep, with a ponderous mass of solid leather, made weightier by a huge extra piece of leather over the instep, and a bit of iron rising from the heel to support the spur; such were the boots in which the English army won the Battle of the Boyne.

More than one pair of boots of this description are in existence. A pair found in a cupboard of an ancient building in Bagshot Park, Surrey, about 1837, are described as weighing about 10 lb. each, being made of the thickest hide—lined and padded—with very thick soles and large rowelled spurs, attached by steel chains. Charles XII of Sweden wore boots of this kind. From the specimen of shoe of the time (Fig. 49) it will be seen that the foot-gear of the reign of William III was remarkably solid and heavy. The boots of the reign of George I were likewise extremely stiff and ugly; the tops were made of light leather, and the sides only rubbed down by some glutinous liquid, which was retailed at the corner of the London streets by shoeblacks. To arrive anywhere in such boots was naturally accounted a mark of great haste. On one occasion a Member of the Irish House of Commons rode from the county of Wexford to College Green, Dublin, spite of bad weather and an attack of the gout, and arrived in the nick of time to give his casting vote against sending the redundancy in the Irish Treasury to England. As a memorial of this patriotic act, his portrait was painted by Stevens in 1749, and is now in the possession of the

Marquis of Ely. It represents him just after he has alighted from his horse, ascending the steps of the Parliament House, and the picture goes by the name of "Tottenham in his Boots." In the present century royal dukes sat in the House of Lords booted and spurred.

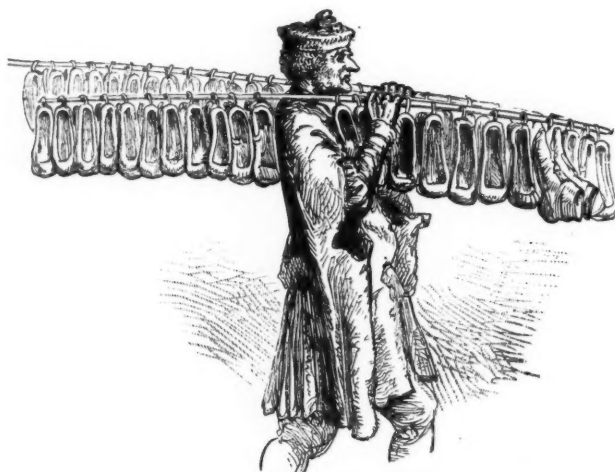
The top-boot came into vogue in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and its polished leg and snowy top mightily pleased the bloods and bucks of the period. The English top-boot made its way into France, and was part of that Anglo mania which was one of the premonitions of the Revolution. The representatives to the National Assembly wore boots something like that marked Fig. 50, only with lower heels and broader toes. A conspicuous feature was the very long straps worn outside the light top.

Boots of the make inscribed 1786 (Fig. 51) were more worn in England at this time, while in the early part of the present century boots in which the higher part rose in front of the shin became the vogue. Under the Directory in France the general lassitude is evinced by the fact that men not only wore silk stockings and pumps in the street, but even travelled in the latter.

The tasselled Hessian boot (Fig. 52) and the well-known Wellington followed one after the other, the latter being still worn by some indefatigable sticklers for bygone fashions.

The top-boot, still the wear of huntsmen, was in common use by country gentlemen fifty years ago. In "H. B.'s" caricatures not only William Cobbett, but a great dandy like Sir Francis Burdett, is thus represented.

R. H.



A CAMP FOLLOWER CARRYING SHOES. FROM "MAXIMILIAN'S TRIUMPH." END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

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DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY T. CORDY JEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER II.—LEARNING AND LITERATURE (*continued*).



SIR KENELM DIGBY.

[After Vandyke.]

THE evidence is superabundant that, whilst they merely resembled their most intelligent patients in credulity on matters pertaining to medicine, the doctors of former generations, in respect to mental activity and general culture, were in harmony with the brightest and choicest spirits of their times. No small part of our literary annals relates to the dignity of physicians, their scholarly doings, and their affectionate intimacy with the men who gave us our best literature. If Caius figures ludicrously in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Dr. Butts (the first of our medical knights) plays no unworthy part in Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth." Bulleyn, Gerard (the herbalist), and Turner are favourite authors with all who delight in our earlier printed literature. Though he provoked the censures of Sir Kenelm Digby, whose "Observations upon the 'Religio Medici'" were properly described by Coleridge as the observations of a pedant, Sir Thomas Browne's writings still command the grateful consideration of liberal and judicious students. Before earning imperishable celebrity by his philosophical essays, John Locke followed the profession of medicine. Though the verses, which he composed to the rolling of his chariot wheels, stirred the derision of the wits, Sir Richard Blackmore's poetry ceases to be discreditable when it is regarded as the mere pastime of a busy doctor. Though he was the subject of the stinging epigram,

"For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is,"

Sir John Hill produced some useful books, one of which ran through dozens of editions, and became so universally and enduringly famous, that it may without exaggeration be declared to live to this hour on the lips of educated people. Sydenham had a wider knowledge of literature than is imagined by the many persons who remember him chiefly by the piquant speech with which he avoided Blackmore's application for advice respecting the course of study by which he might hope to raise himself from the discredit of being an unsuccessful schoolmaster to the honour that eventually covered him as a successful physician. "Read 'Don Quixote,' it is a very good book; I read it still," said the great doctor, who had been in his earlier time a captain of cavalry, and was indebted in no small degree for his subsequent eminence to the knowledge of the world that had come to him in military service.

Probably there was no more truth in Radcliffe's avowal of a contemptuous disregard for Hippocrates than in Sydenham's affectation of owing his medical success to Cervantes. When Radcliffe, towards the close of his inordinately successful career, made his first call on the young physician who succeeded to the greater part of his practice, he is said to have caught Mead reading Hippocrates.

"Umph! Do you read Hippocrates in Greek?" asked the visitor, in a tone implying, no growth of kindly feeling for the young man who spent his leisure so unprofitably.

"Occasionally," answered Mead, making the least of his misdemeanour by the tone in which he uttered the discreetly-chosen word.

"Umph! I never read a line of him in any language," growled the great man.

"You, sir, have no occasion; you are Hippocrates himself," returned the aspirant to professional eminence, seeing almost in the same moment that the compliment had taken the desired effect.

It was by such affectation that Radcliffe acquired the disrepute which caused Garth to exclaim that for Radcliffe to leave his money to create a library was as though an eunuch should found a seraglio. It is not to be supposed that the physician who had held a Lincoln fellowship, and in his earlier time at Oxford became the senior scholar of University College, was unable to read Greek, or

that a man of his energy and acuteness was really satisfied with a room of study that contained nothing more notable than the few vials, the skeleton, and the herbal, to which he called Dr. Bathurst's attention, exclaiming boastfully, "This is Radcliffe's library." Nor was the affectation of scholastic ignorance his only or most unpleasant affectation. Capable of munificence, it pleased him to pretend that he was a miser. By no means deficient in kindness, he liked to persuade the world that he was wanting in common humanity. Not devoid of magnanimity, he delighted in playing the cynic, even in his least austere moods, as when he exclaimed to his peculiar favourite of all the rising doctors, "Mead, I love you, and I'll tell you a sure secret to make your fortune; use all mankind ill." In his kindlier moments a man of cordial manner and pleasant address, he was a byword alike amongst his personal acquaintance and those who knew him only by report for insolence of bearing and brutality of speech. No wonder that the man who was at so much pains to misrepresent himself was almost universally misunderstood. No wonder that Mandeville mistook him for an extravagant caricature of all that is most sordid and despicable in human nature, and attributed to vulgar vanity the will that gave Oxford the library, the infirmary, the observatory, and the travelling fellowships that bear the physician's name. No wonder also, as insolence is apt to provoke insolence, that this overbearing doctor often met his match and something more than his match in incivility. When they squabbled about the door in the wall that separated their contiguous gardens in Bow Street, Radcliffe received a Roland for his Oliver from Sir Godfrey Kneller, to whom he sent a servant with the order, "Tell Sir Godfrey that he may do what he likes with the door so long as he doesn't paint it." "Go back," said the artist, with admirable humour and perfect good-humour, "and, giving my service to Dr. Radcliffe, tell him I'll take anything from him—except his physic." Even happier was the retort of the Irish paviour to the torrent of abuse poured upon him by the irascible physician for what he thought bad workmanship on the pavement before his house. "What, you rascal," cried the doctor, "have you the impudence to demand payment for such work? You have spoiled my pavement, you scoundrel, and then covered the stones with earth to hide the bad work." "I' faith, yer honour," the workman replied, "it isn't for yer honour to say that mine is the only bad work the earth hides." Samuel Johnson was of opinion that little good had come of the travelling fellowships. "I know," he said to Boswell, "nothing that has been imported by them." But if they have done little good, it is as certain as aught in human affairs that they were founded in the hope of doing good. Writing under provocation given him by the subject of his censure, Mandeville may be pardoned for misjudging the physician, but at this distance from the time when the doctor's caustic tongue made him an army of enemies, no generous nature will concur in the philosopher's opinion of the bequests to Oxford.

It is the easier to pardon Radcliffe's manifold

offences against good feeling, and his neglect of elegant letters, because he was surrounded and followed by physicians, abundantly careful for the amenities of life and at the same time honourably remembered for literary services redounding to the honour of their profession. Garth, Freind, Hans Sloane, Arbuthnot, Meade, Akenside, Armstrong, Grainger, Monsey, and Lettsom are amongst the most prominent of the long list of scholarly physicians who, between the close of the seventeenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, brightened London literary cliques, and made a single brotherhood of our men of letters and followers of medicine. If Oliver Goldsmith was not a physician he was enough of a doctor to be named with the poets of the medical profession. Smollett's title to be rated with the faculty, or, rather, the doctors' claim to the honour of rating him as one of themselves, is still stronger.

Of this throng of doctors who lived in familiar intercourse with the famous writers who were wits without being physicians, no one is remembered more agreeably than Samuel Garth, who, in "The Dispensary," a poem that, claiming some consideration on the score of its literary merits, claims a larger measure of respect as an entertaining memorial of the fiercest controversy of our medical annals, wrote of his professional contemporaries and their college:

"Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
The pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame,
Nor did the learned society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night, the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
And shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes."

To view what remains of this stately pile the reader of this page must make an excursion to Warwick Lane. Built after the Great Fire of London, that burnt the doctors out of their home at Amen Corner, whither the faculty moved on finding Linacre's old house in Knight-riding Street too narrow for their growing dignity and necessities, the college, with its dome and sumptuous arches, and all its structural appurtenances, passed into the hands of the butchers of Newgate Market on the migration of the physicians to their present mansion in Pall Mall East, a fate that in the opinion of some persons would have more appropriately befallen the old Surgeons' Hall in the same quarter of the town. Since the butchers entered into possession the place has doubtless heard more noise than it ever heard whilst it was the abode of science, but it can scarcely have sheltered fiercer disputants since 1825 than those

who raised their voices in its chambers during the dispensarian controversy. Never has fiercer contention arisen from so small a cause. At first the only matter in dispute was whether the physicians should open a dispensary on their premises, and, prescribing for the poor without fee, should sell them the prescribed medicines at cost price.

The proposal, with all its appearance of reasonable and praiseworthy benevolence, cannot be said to have proceeded from unalloyed charity. From the date of its erection in 1670, some of the physicians had regarded the Apothecaries' Hall in Water Lane with suspicion and bitterness. It was whispered amongst the graduates of the college that the tradesmen of the hall were growing too powerful, were encroaching on the privileges of the faculty, and were daily growing more rebellious against the wholesome government of their superiors in Warwick Lane. It could not be denied that, without any licence sought from, or granted by the college, the vendors of drugs had assumed to themselves a right to prescribe for the poorer sort of patients, albeit apothecaries were instituted for no other purpose than to dispense the prescriptions of regular physicians and collegiate licentiates at charges fixed by the college. It was averred by the doctors, who disliked the hall, that the apothecaries charged the poor so heavily for dispensing physicians' prescriptions as to render it impossible for the indigent sick to procure the medicines so prescribed. Under these circumstances it was proposed by the physicians, who soon became known as dispensarians, to open a dispensary in the place and for the purpose already stated. Styling themselves anti-dispensarians, the physicians, who opposed the project, maintained with a fervour, which would have been excessive had the welfare of the whole nation depended on the issue of the contest, that the dispensarians were actuated by an ignoble jealousy of the apothecaries, made charity a stalking-horse to their selfishness and spite, and aimed at degrading the college into an association of tradesmen. Of course the dispensarians retorted that their opponents within the college were truckling to and currying favour with the powerful apothecaries. It was no mere quarrel between the two sets of physicians, for the apothecaries insisted on being heard on a matter affecting their interests and honour. It was a nice row, a triangular duel between the dispensarian doctors, the anti-dispensarian doctors, and the apothecaries. Pamphlets in prose, pamphlets in verse, broadsides, squibs, caricatures, appeared on the burning questions. Sir Richard Blackstone was an anti-dispensarian—a fact that would have decided Sir Samuel Garth to join the dispensarians, had he not been in their confidence from the first.

Stranger even than the heat into which the doctors worked themselves, was the degree in which the public sympathised with the fury of the faculty, siding now with the one and now with the other set of disputants. Sir Samuel Garth's poem had no sooner appeared on the bookstalls than it was seen in the hands of every modish spark and every woman of fashion. Ceasing for the moment

to care whether their friends were Whigs or Tories, men and women of quality were only desirous that their friends should be sound and staunch on the medical question. Pope, of course, held with Garth, the beloved doctor to whom he dedicated the second pastoral with the lines,

"Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure,"

—the beloved doctor of whom he wrote, when death had divided them, "If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth." How cordially the poet adopted the cause and prejudices and passions of his medical friends against the apothecaries, is shown also by the lines of the "Essay on Criticism":

"Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms and make her more beloved;
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'Pothecaries taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools."

Garth, moreover, was only one of a bevy of doctors gracefully commemorated in the poems of the Twickenham bard, who honoured them none the less because, in the life that was one long disease, he needed their ministrations at every turn. "I'll do," he wrote—

"What Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs and to preserve these eyes."

Mead, of whom Dr. Johnson remarked that he "lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man," was singularly fortunate in having Pope for his admirer at the outset, and Johnson for his eulogist in the close of his career. If he could not stoop to the arts of the flatterer, Johnson delighted in giving sincere praise, and in clothing it with the language most likely to render it acceptable to its object. When James needed the aid of a master of style for the composition of the dedicatory letter that should dispose Mead to regard the "Medicinal Dictionary" with favour, he did well to seek Johnson, whose cordial enjoyment of the task makes itself felt in stately periods of the epistle.

"Sir, — That the 'Medicinal Dictionary' is dedicated to you, is to be imputed only to your reputation for superior skill in those sciences which I have endeavoured to explain and to facilitate; and you are, therefore, to consider the address, if it be agreeable to you, as one of the rewards of merit; and, if otherwise, as one of the inconveniences of eminence.

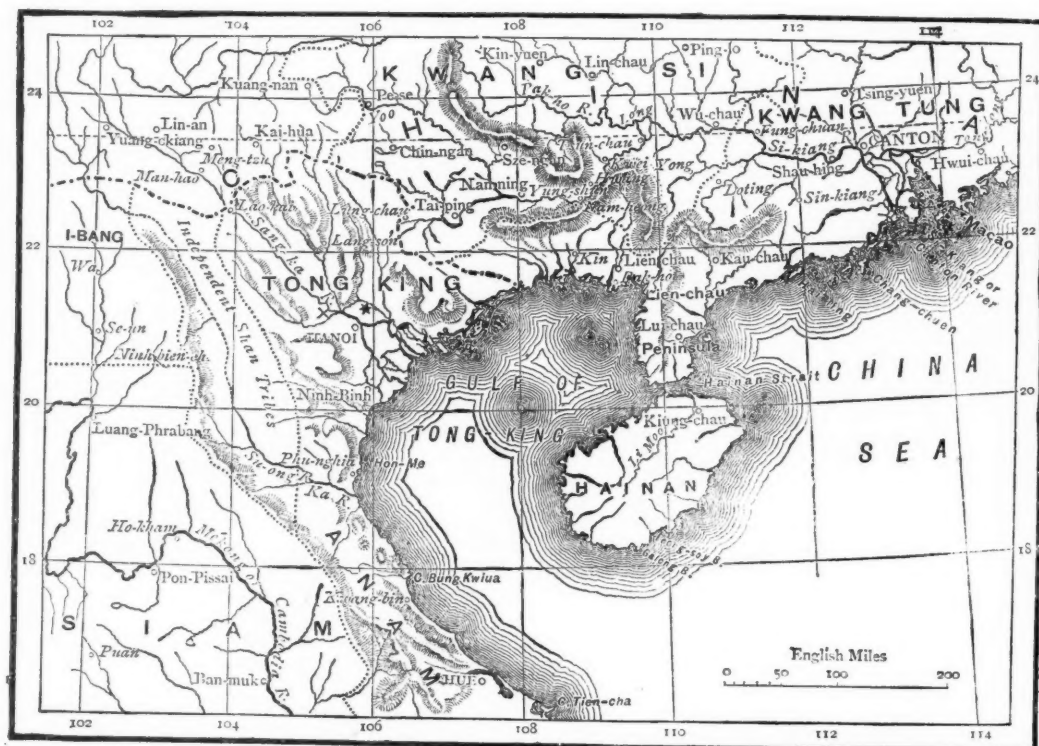
"However you shall receive it, my design cannot be disappointed, because this public appeal to your judgment will show that I do not found my

hopes of approbation upon the ignorance of my readers, and that I fear his censure least whose knowledge is the most extensive. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
R. JAMES."

There is no need to inquire in what regard the

physician held the "Medicinal Dictionary," thus introduced to his notice by the man of letters who, far from confining his gratitude for medical service to services rendered by physicians, honoured his apothecary with a poem.

TONQUIN AND ANAM.



X *
Sontay. Bac-ninh.

WHERE the southern provinces of China terminate at the frontiers of Kwang-see and Yung-nau, a vast peninsula extends for fifteen degrees through northern tropical latitudes towards the equator, stretching in longitude from the shores of the China Sea to the Gulf of Siam. The eastern half of that peninsula comprises the territory of Tonquin and Anam, and has a seaboard along the sinuosities of the coast approximating to fifteen hundred miles, with an average breadth of some two hundred miles. Through its central meridian a mountain range trends in a curved line from north-by-east to south, the heights of the highest peaks attaining an altitude of five thousand or six thousand feet, and abruptly diverging into undulating hills and valleys. The watershed through the ravines is

rapid and of large volume, abrading the rocks and carrying the sediment on to the sea, where alluvial plains and deltas of great extent have been formed. The principal stream, however, named the *Song-koi* by the natives, and the Red River by foreigners, takes its rise in the mountains of Yung-nau, and receives numerous affluents in its course to the Gulf of Tonquin, where its mouths form a wide marshy delta, similar to that of the Nile, and subject to annual floods.

The banks of this river, and the surrounding region within the boundary of Tonquin, have been the scene of the chief naval and military operations of the French during the past year in their invasion of the country. About twenty-four years ago, a greater campaign was carried on by an expeditionary force after the successful war with

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China, resulting in the capture of Saigon and five adjacent provinces. On that occasion, a treaty was concluded between the Emperor Napoleon III and Tu-Duk, sovereign of the Anamese Empire, whereby the French should establish a colony at Saigon, and have a ruling protectorate over the five provinces and the people, with power to collect the customs and levy taxes on the inhabitants and foreigners trading with the port. Great expectations were entertained by the French Government that the colony would become a flourishing commercial emporium, and the port a rendezvous for the national fleet frequenting the China Sea, that would rival Hong Kong. These anticipations have not been realised. For several years, instead of increasing, the foreign trade has diminished, and the native traffic dwindled away; while the cost of governing the colony has augmented, until the expenditure has become a burthen to the State, without any equivalent income. Under these circumstances the policy of the French has tended towards the extension of the protectorate over the northern provinces of the Anamese Empire, especially in Tonquin, where the most productive land is situated, the population most numerous, and the traffic with China greatest. With a coast-line of about three hundred and fifty miles, the area of that ancient kingdom approximates to fifty thousand square miles, supporting a population of nearly five millions. From these facts it may be inferred that the object of the French, in seeking to extend their protectorate, is not only the glory of colonial dominion, but the enrichment of the State by lucrative possessions.

The territory of Tonquin, from its proximity to the southern provinces, naturally attracted the attention of the sovereigns of China, with a view to conquest or annexation. According to the Chinese annals, such was the case while the inhabitants were still living in a savage state under their chiefs. An emperor, who desired to subjugate the people in a pacific manner, encouraged labourers and husbandmen with their families to migrate across the border and introduce agriculture where it was almost unknown. The natives were docile, and though they formed various tribes occupying different localities in the mountains, forests, and plains, yet they appeared to be of one race, speaking one language, though with different dialects. They were physically and mentally inferior to the Chinese, having much darker skins, being shorter in stature, but well formed, with features, both in males and females, devoid of comeliness. They were unskilled in any mechanical design, and without a written language.

In the course of time their barbaric condition gradually improved under the tuition and example of their new masters, who organised a system of government on the principles pursued in the empire. Then the country was annexed, and named *Thunh Kinh*, corrupted by foreigners into Tong King or Tonquin. A Chinese governor and other officials were placed over the different departments, and in every respect the territory was ruled for many generations as a Chinese province. However, in the course of time the people ob-

tained a semi-independence by choosing rulers of their own, but tributary to the Emperor of China. Subsequently Anam was erected into a tributary State. In 1802 Anam and Tonquin were united under one sovereign, entitled Gia-long, who also held his authority from the Chinese Emperor, on his ascending the throne after investiture, as the legitimate ruler of the combined Empire of Anam.



Thus from time immemorial the Chinese monarchs have held the Anamese rulers as vassals, which they have acknowledged by sending tribute to Peking up to the present time. This was shown in a letter from King Tu-Duk before his demise last year, when he solicited aid from the Emperor, to defend his territory from further invasion. Notwithstanding that declaration—which was translated into English and published—the French have hitherto ignored the Chinese suzerainty, until recently, when the astute Ambassador, the Marquis T'seng, called attention to the fact.

The interest of the French in the country arises, on the other hand, from the zeal of ecclesiastical missionaries to establish themselves in far-off "fields and pastures new" for the propagation of their faith. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, this region attracted the attention of French and Spanish propagandists in China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, as a desirable field for their operations, on account of the inhabitants showing a desire to accept their teachings in a friendly manner. The pioneer priests found them to be a docile people, and imbued with religious sentiments in an eminent

degree. In Cochin China—so named erroneously by the Portuguese—or the south provinces of Anam, they entered first upon their task, and ascertained that the language of the aborigines differed entirely from that of their task-masters, who spoke Chinese, many mandarins having been sent thither to govern them after the model of that empire. Studying with zeal, the missionaries acquired a knowledge of the Anamese language, and in time they were able to converse and deliver discourses in the vernacular tongue. This produced the desired effect; and their fame as the expounders of a new religion, that was specially acceptable to the poorer classes, spread far and wide. They travelled northwards into Tonquin, and found the people professing the Buddhist creed, but with great laxity of belief, excepting among the governing class, while many were pagans of a low order.

In this peripatetic progress, these Jesuit fathers made many followers, who assisted them in disseminating their doctrine and making converts by the thousand. At various central situations in the provinces they established chapels, where the converts worshipped in secret, and were duly enrolled as Christians by the officiating priests and vicars-apostolic sent out from *Les Missions des Etrangères* in France. The whole of the Anamese section of the peninsula was divided into ecclesiastical districts, under the supervision of bishops, where schools were built to teach the native neophytes Latin, and the scholars, the foreign religion in their own language. So successful were these efforts through the course of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present one, that in 1830 it was estimated the number of registered converts was not less than four hundred thousand.

Meanwhile, the Buddhist priests became alarmed at the spread of the foreign religion, and the apostacy of many of their own followers. They reported the spread of the insidious innovation to the civil authorities, who agreed with them that its further progress might not merely diminish the influence of the hierarchy, but prove dangerous to the welfare of the State. Accordingly measures were matured to check the advancing propaganda. Edicts were issued from the imperial court denouncing the false doctrine; punishments were threatened against all Christian converts, and emissaries were sent out to spy the land and report what they witnessed at the secret churches. Numerous delinquents were seized, examined by stern judges, and made to renounce the foreign belief, which many did from fear of punishment and the sacrifice of their families and homes. Large numbers, however, confessed to the truth of their conversion, who suffered death rather than abandon their faith.

Then followed a cruel persecution of the poorer classes of Anamese, when both male and female converts became victims to the ferocity of their foes. Their chapels were destroyed, their homes broken up, and their household goods confis-

cated. Under these circumstances the European missionaries had to continue their propaganda in secret, and hold their meetings at night, in obscure places. But that did not prevent their persecutors from finding them out and bringing the bishops and vicars before a cruel court, presided over by judges prejudiced against their teachings. Some were imprisoned, and several suffered torture and death at the hands of executioners. Those who escaped flew to the fastnesses in the mountains and forests for safety, and to await the subsidence of the persecution.

The details of the cruelties that occurred both to foreigners and natives, were duly forwarded to the ecclesiastical authorities in France, who reported the murder of French missionaries to the Government, asking for aid to punish the Anamese persecutors. This was complied with, and a man-of-war was sent out under a commander commissioned to demand reparation for sacrificing French subjects to religious fury. After much tergiversation and delay on the part of the mandarins in the provinces where the executions took place, they released one of the missionaries in custody, and subsequently the persecution among the native converts ceased.

These events occurred towards the close of the last century, while an internecine war existed between Tonquin and Anam, carried on by contending factions for the supremacy; one at Hanoi, the other at Hué. The revolution was suppressed, and a new emperor ascended the throne in 1802, named Gia-long, who united both kingdoms under one rule. This monarch was more friendly to foreigners than any of his predecessors, as in his struggle for supremacy, he had been materially assisted by the advice of a bishop and several French officers, in subduing the rebellion. In consequence of this he took the latter into his service, and employed them in strengthening the fortresses after European plans; and on making Hué the central capital, they surrounded the city with massive fortifications of masonry, mounting them with heavy guns and disciplining the soldiers in the garrison.

In this manner the French first obtained a footing in Tonquin and Anam. The Government having been posted up from time to time, respecting the capabilities of the country for commerce and colonies, by their representatives, who saw that the land was good to acquire for these purposes, and as there appeared no power to interpose, it was resolved to secure a protectorate over it, which amounts in the long run to annexation. From that period French naval and military officers, together with civilians of adventurous dispositions, have aspired to be the leaders of conquest in the Anamese Empire, as if to emulate Clive and other heroes who conquered British India, and thereby open up a similar empire in the far east, to rival its neighbour under the magniloquent title of the "French East Indies."

SAMUEL MOSSMAN.

HOME LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

I.



HOME is home, though it be never so homely," is an old English proverb found in collections published three hundred years ago, and it expresses that supremacy of home affections which has had no small share in the making of English character. We propose in these papers to give some illustrations of home life as it was in the days of good Queen Bess.

THE HOUSES.

"The Englishman's house is his castle," is a proverb savouring of the feudal age; but the mansion at the time of which we write was fast becoming something better, a home—one of serene security and peace, not one to be defended by armed men against fierce invaders. Hence the "gateway, with oriel windows and castellated roof, was often the only feature of embattled strength." The groups of ornamented chimneys, and the wide expanse of fair glass windows, were indicative of progressive comfort.* A very early poet tells us of

"Halles ful heygh, and houses ful noble,
Chambers with chymneys, and chapels gaye."

Many a great house, it must be admitted, was more magnificent than comfortable, and the poor were miserably lodged.

First of all, then, to the stately homes; the homes of the country gentlemen and the lords of the manor. These were houses built by a nation

that feared not France, and, wrong as it might be, hated Spain. "They breathe," says one eloquent writer, "an old, secure, religious grandeur and faith; they boast a richness and a sense of permanence; they were monuments and shrines, added to and improved till they became objects of pride, of love, and of adoration." These mansions would have been an impossibility a little time before. John Rous tells us that within a circuit of twelve miles about Warwick, sixty villages, some of them large and populous, with churches and castles and manor-houses, were destroyed and abandoned during the War of the Roses. Now, however, whatever England's fights on sea or land, there was neither fear of internal dissension nor of foreign invasion. In a part of the Tudor period which immediately preceded the reign of Elizabeth, something was shown of this sense of security; its culminating point, however, was reserved for her reign.

The Elizabethan house is familiar to all. It usually but not invariably included in its surroundings a gate-house and courtyards. The old buildings still extant preserve their gable ends, stone-shafted oriels, gilt vanes, and chimneys of pressed brick—maybe, and likely to be, overgrown with honeysuckle or ivy. Outside are terraces, with fountains and statues and rose bushes; inside old halls with lozenged floors, and galleries; chapels, chambers, and picturesque staircases. About the whole there was an air of peace flavoured only by signs of war. "The grim array of halberds and corslets, of gauntlets and faulchions, in the interior, still betokened the love of a warlike calling, and that pride of chivalry which lingered among our ancestors even when its ancient glory had faded. But other and more gentle adornments, indicative of peaceful tastes, were creeping into fashion: the limning of early painters on the walls; the viol and the lute; the bough-pots smiling with their floral beauties on the sunny window-sill; and a few quaint pioneers of our national literature, in parchment and black-letter, lying humbly here and there, bespoke of new tastes and new powers working quietly in the homes of men, and preparing the world for greater changes and nobler aims than were ever won by the halberds and the faulchions of old." Home life had made a brave commencement. Even palaces had begun to throw off the fortress style; witness Hampton Court and Shene (Richmond), the first built, or at all events finished, by Wolsey, and the second by Henry VII, of which latter no vestige remains, although historically so important, for there Elizabeth often resided and at last died. The great point is that the houses of nearly all classes were now homes, built in all the security of peace, and that the palaces were beginning then to be no more an exception to this rule than are Osborne or Balmoral to-day. It may suffice to say that

* "Our English Home," a charming work by an anonymous author. Walter Thornbury's "Shakespeare's England" has some value, and the architectural works of C. J. Richardson and T. F. Hunt are authorities on the Elizabethan period.

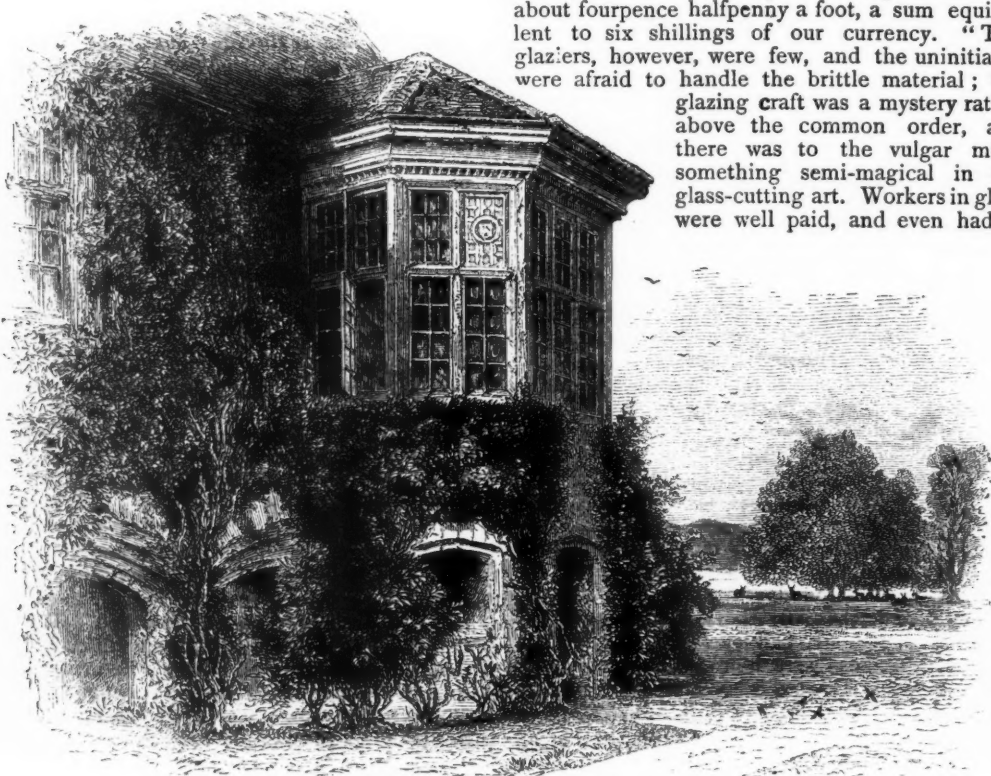
such noble houses as Haddon Hall—the artists' love to-day; Cowdray, Sussex, burnt in 1793; Hever Castle, Kent; Hengrave Hall, Suffolk; Layer Marney, Essex; Raglan Castle, Hunsdon House, Hill Hall, Wollleston, Harlaxton, and Westwood were Tudor erections of this period. A few of them exist in something like their ancient form; others have long been in ruins; but some of the old beauty remains, a beauty that never existed in the architecture of Queen Anne's days, and, it is much to be feared, never will in those of Queen Victoria.

And now that the country in general found itself moderately safe, and great strength of construction was not a primary consideration, brick was largely employed. Very often bricks of two colours were used for variegating the walls, and these were arranged in patterns; more commonly red brick was employed. The chimney turrets were often highly decorated, sometimes with busts or the armorial bearings of the owner. Sometimes they were convoluted and twisted into odd forms, the very ugliest of them being specimens of art as compared with the manufactured chimney "pot" of to-day. The gateways were very commonly of coloured brick.

The bay-window, which was the invention of a previous century, and which at first was a projection between two buttresses, became an integral part of the Tudor home. As the love of domestic life extended they became more and more commonly built on account of the comfort they added to a room. When forming the termination of a

great hall, the window extended in a crystal sheet from roof to floor. Sometimes it was formed of nine or ten stages, and was occasionally furnished with shelves of gold and silver ware. In the mansion these bay-windows formed pleasant retreats; "there the damsels would ply their distaffs, and the young squires would seek them there, and with gallant words make love, or checkmate them in a game of chess. Glazed with white and ruby glass, when other windows were bare,—carpeted, when other floors were littered with rushes,—they became the favourite nooks of home, in which the sweetest and happiest moments of life were spent. No wonder that our forefathers loved them, and in spite of conservative prejudices, knocking away the dull, narrow loopholes, had 'fayre baye windowes' introduced into the halls and parlours of their home."

Lord Bacon speaks of "fair houses so full of glass that one cannot tell where to be come to be out of the sun or cold." Still the lavish use of glass was confined to the houses of the wealthy. It must not be forgotten that for four hundred years before the Elizabethan era the beautiful Gothic windows of English homes, with their mullions and arches and lovely tracery, were very commonly devoid of glass. With the light, rain, hail, or snow might enter with impunity. It seems that one great difficulty arose from the want of glaziers, and a second from the risks of conveying a material so fragile over the rough roads of early England. As early as the thirteenth century glass had been used in casements in the mansions of the nobility. It was procurable at about fourpence halfpenny a foot, a sum equivalent to six shillings of our currency. "The glaziers, however, were few, and the uninitiated were afraid to handle the brittle material; the glazing craft was a mystery rather above the common order, and there was to the vulgar mind something semi-magical in the glass-cutting art. Workers in glass were well paid, and even had to



BAY-WINDOW AT BISHAM ABBEY.

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be sought after when their services were required. When the windows of the Royal Chapel at Stamford were ordered to be repaired in the time of Richard II, a writ was issued empowering one Nicholas Hoppewell to seek for glass in the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln, and to impress glaziers for the work. Even in the fifteenth century, when the old-fashioned lattice-work and wooden shutters were more frequently superseded by casements of glass, glaziers were still scarce." The case is cited of Lord Howard having to send from Colchester—then thought a lively town—to London for his glazier. Glass was made to a limited degree in England during Elizabeth's reign, but it mostly came from the Low Countries and Venice. A hall at Oxford was named "Glazen-hall" in this reign, simply on account of its glass windows. The poor still used horn, lattices of wicker, and, very likely, the bladders of animals, as is done in some northern countries to-day.

The courtyard was quadrangular in the Tudor architecture, of which, by-the-by, there are many modifications. Besides a great staircase near the hall, there were not unfrequently hexangular towers with tortuous steps within. Towers were often built at the angles of the great court, which rose far above the parapets. The windows had flat tops and transoms. Light flying buttresses, vaultings, niches, canopies, pedestals, and traceries abounded. It was very usual to have an ornamental fountain in the centre of the courtyard, as may be seen in an old house at Midhurst, Sussex, built by Sir Anthony Browne.

The houses of the clergy in some cases vied with those of the nobility. Skelton, in his "Boke of Colin Cloute," describes them as

"Building royally
Their mansions, curiously
With turrets and with toures,
With halls and with boures
Stretching to the starres;
With glass windows and barres;
Hanging about their walles
Clothes of golde and palles,
Arras of ryche arraye,
Freshe as floures in Maye."

The houses of the English gentry were, till near the era of Elizabeth, very usually built of timber, and even during her reign a great number of wooden, or semi-wooden, houses were erected. Farm-houses were almost invariably of timber framework, filled in with plaster or bricks. Harrison, who wrote during the reign of Queen Bess, says: "The ancient manours and houses of our gentlemen are yet and for the most part of strong timber, in framing whereof our carpenters have been and are worthilie preferred before those of like science among all other nations. Howbeit, such as be latelie builded are commonlie of either bricke or hard stone, or both; their rooms large and comelie, and houses of office (domestic offices) further distant from the lodgings. Those of the nobilitie are likewise wrought with bricke and hard stone, as prouision may best be made; but so magnificent and statelie, as the basest house of a

baron dooth often match in our daies with some honours of princes in old times." The use of bricks, known from the earliest days, appears only to have been revived in England in one or other of the reigns immediately preceding Elizabeth, and the "commonaltie" did not use them at all till the middle of her reign.

Tiles for roofing were now in common use, for as early as the reign of Richard I the houses were ordered to be covered with slate or brent,* instead of straw. Floors were often tiled; the boarded floors were of coarse but substantial workmanship. Two instances are cited by Mr. Hunt: The upper floors of Salmesbury Hall, built in 1532, were of massy planks, and, instead of crossing, lay parallel to the joists, "as if disdaining to be indebted to them for support." At Godman Hall, Cumberland, the boards, or planks of the floor above the principal storey, were grooved into each other, and for a curious reason; the predatory parties on the Border did not sap or undermine, or batter down the doors, but sought to unroof the buildings and enter from the top of the house, letting themselves down by ropes and ladders. Even at the close of Elizabeth's reign carpets were little used, but at the same time it does not seem to have been the custom at any time to leave the boards bare. Shakespeare, and many other writers, speak of rushes and other vegetable substances being strewed in the principal apartments:

"All herbes and floures, fragrant, fayre, and swete,
Were strawed in halles, and layd under theyr fete."†

And in "The Taming of the Shrew" we read of the

"house trimmed, rushes strewed."

Dr. Bulleyne, in his "Bulwark of Defence," printed 1562, observes that "*rushes* that growe upon dry groundes be good to strewe in halles, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon, defending apparel, as traynes of gownes and kertes, from the dust;" and Dekker speaks of bulrushes for the same purpose. Lamnius, a Zealand physician and divine, who visited London in the sixteenth century, and whose account of his travels was translated in 1576, remarks the cleanliness of the English, and adds, "Their chambers and parlours, strawed over with sweete herbes, refreshed mee; their nosegayes finelye entermingled with sondry sortes of fraguante floures in their bed chambers and privie roomes, with comfortable smell cheered me up, and entierlye delighted all my senses."

Much could be written, also, on the elaborate roofs of the great halls, the massive and usually rude doors, with highly ornamented hinges, and the wainscoting on walls or "seeling," as it was then spelled—which latter did not come into fashion till Elizabeth's reign; but such details would require more space than could possibly be allowed to them here. Of the picturesqueness of these old houses in general there can be no doubt, while a halo of romance undoubtedly surrounds

* A laminated stone, somewhat resembling slate.

† "Lyfe of Saynt Wyburge." Shakespeare shows, by a reference in the Second Part of Henry IV, act v. sc. 5, that rushes were often laid down out of doors also.

them. They have sunny spots and depths of shade; bright, clear quadrangles, where the fountains sparkle; and corridors cool and gloomy. Their dignity is stately, not arrogant; their solidity is not heavy, but it is neither flimsy nor tawdry. "They seem fit," writes Thornbury, "for all seasons. They are cool in summer and cheery in winter. The terrace is for June, the porch for December. The bay-window is so clear and airy that you could not believe the same house had that



DOORWAY AT COWDRAY.

red cavern of a fireplace, the very shrine of comfort and of warmth, hallowed both by legend and recollection. Alas! that one cannot order an avenue ready made, that one cannot purchase a genealogy! In these old houses the portraits frown at a mere purchaser as a stranger; the ghosts refuse to leave their churchyard beds to welcome or disturb you, and the very tenants look upon you as an upstart and an interloper."

From the old gateway how many a hawking party has set forth in all the bravery of that gay time, the gallants below raising their plumed hats to fair ladies above; horns sounding, hawks screaming, and dogs yelping. What a contrast all this life and action to the calm which pervades the old house at night, when the moon shines on the windows till they glisten like armour, and the gilded vanes, as they turn and shift in the breeze, are the only moving things. Without, the clipped yews stand like sentinels, grim and dark, while the fountains splash silver on the sleeping flowers.

A story of the period shows us Elizabeth on a visit to the good knight, Sir Thomas Gresham, he who built the Royal Exchange. At his country

seat, Osterly House, Middlesex, the queen, just before retiring for the night, remarked how much more gracefully the courtyard would appear if divided in two by a wall. Sir Thomas was a man of resources as well as tact, and the reader may also remember that in the old times the heads of great houses had not merely a retinue of servants, but had a whole corps of mechanics and work-people. Immediately on quitting the royal presence he summoned his masons and bricklayers, and, with the aid of some additional labour, completed the wall by the time her Majesty had risen next morning. Some of the courtiers were chagrined at and jealous of the alertness shown by the city knight. One, however, showed a little more appreciation by saying "that it was no way strange that one who could build a 'change could change a building."

One feature of the olden time, common to the manor-house as to the castle and mansion, was the domestic chapel, in which the chaplain officiated daily before the household. The proud baron looked on this small but sacred repository with the utmost reverence, for there his mighty ancestors, famed for a thousand deeds of valour, slept their last sleep. Here were knightly tombs, faded trophies, and elaborately-carved mausoleums, and "all that wealth could purchase and mediæval art achieve, was displayed in the fittings, the plate, the vestments, and the books of the sacred office." This was true, even when the manor-house itself was otherwise poorly furnished and possessed little comfort.

THE GARDEN.

"God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, "and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy works." Most of the mansions of the olden time had pleasure grounds, or "pleasaunt pleying places" for the ladies, who often, however, extended their privileges to the sterner sex. They were approached by one of those little postern gates associated with so much of romance, the scenes of lovers' farewells and stolen interviews—such as that at Haddon Hall, from which Dorothy Vernon escaped to her lover. In the Elizabethan age, however, the garden, like other things, was greatly raised in character, and Lord Bacon has left us many a pleasant description of its terraces, alcoves, fountains, statues, clipped trees, hedges, and labyrinths.

Bacon's model garden was a square encompassed on four sides with a stately arched hedge, the arches reared on wooden pillars ten feet high and six broad; over every arch was an open turret containing a bird-cage, and above this again ornaments or figures in coloured glass; this hedge was raised on a gently-sloping bank, gay with flowers. Walks of coloured earth were used; in this matter there was more variety than at the present day. Within the garden were not unfre-

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quently figures cut in juniper, columns of vegetation on wooden frames, pyramids, and so forth. Artificial hills and mounds abounded, and in many of the larger gardens a banqueting-house with chimneys was set on a hill for use in fair weather. Although there was much to admire in the Elizabethan garden, there can be no question of its stiffness and artificiality.

A well-appointed garden had, however, its "heath," so called, made to resemble a natural thicket, a tangle of sweet-brier, honeysuckle, and wild vine; the ground set with violets, primroses, strawberries, and whatever was likely to prosper in the shade. Little hillocks were planted with low-growing and slightly flowers, above which rose standard bushes—roses, bays, holly, gooseberries, red currants, or barberries. A large number of our present flowers were then unknown, though the list was already extensive. Well-kept turf was found in every garden, and fountain-jets and basins were abundant. Nothing approaching Versailles, or our own Crystal Palace fountains, had been yet attempted; still we are told that the water was ingeniously made to rise in sprays, feathers, canopies, and, strange to say, "drinking-glasses." Sheltered side walks and cool groves abounded; arbours and summer-houses.

Laneham has left us a description of a moderate-sized garden of the period, which exhibits the curious ideas prevalent in regard to the picturesque. It covered an acre or so of land, and had a terrace ten feet high and twelve broad along the castle wall, "even under foot, and fresh of fine grass, as is also the side thereof towards the garden, in which, by sundry equal distances, with obelisks, spheres, and white bears, all of stone, upon their curious bases, by goodly show were set, to those two fine arbours, redolent by sweet trees and flowers, at each end one; the garden plot under that, with fair allies, green by grass, even voided from the borders aboth sides, and some (for change) with sand, not light, or too soft or soily by dust, but smooth and firm, pleasant to walk on, as a seashore when the water is availd: then, much gracified by due proportion of four even quarters; in the midst of each, upon a base, a two-foot square, and high, seemly bordered of itself, a square pilaster, rising pyramidally, of a fifteen foot high, simmetrically pierced through from a foot beneath, until a two foot of the top, whereupon, for a capital, an orb of ten inches thick: every of these (with his base), from the ground to the top of one whole piece, hewn out of hard porphery, and with great art and heed (thinks me), thither conveyed, and there erected. . . . And unto these, against the terrace, a square cage (aviary), sumptuous and beautiful, joined hard to the north wall (that a that side gards the garden, as the garden the castle), of a rare form and excellency, was raised, in height a twenty foot, thirty long, and fourteen broad." The roof was of wire net, with gilded cornices, and others painted

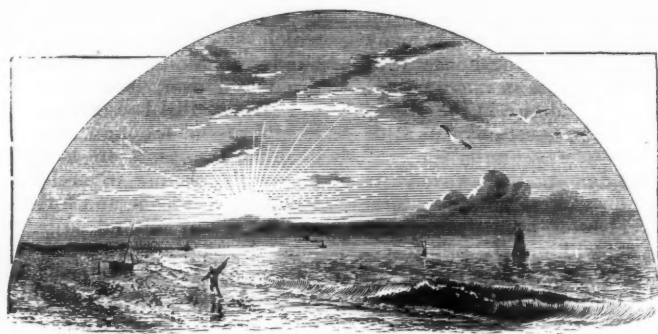
to resemble precious stones. In the centre of this miniature Paradise was a fountain, in which stood two athletes, back to back, their hands upholding a fair marble bowl, "of a three foot over, from whence sundry fine pipes did lively distil continual streams into the receipt of the fountain, maintained still two feet deep by the same fresh falling water; wherein pleasantly playing to and fro and round about, carp, tench, bream, and for variety, perch and eel, fish fair liking all and large." In the basin, Neptune drawn by sea-horses, Thetis by dolphins, Triton by fishes, Proteus herding his sea-bulls, mingled with "whales, whirlpools, sturgeons, tunnies, conchs, and weaks," all carved out of marble. By the sudden turn of a tap the spectator could be drenched at pleasure, a practical joke hardly likely to be enjoyed by the well-dressed gallants of the day. After describing rapturously the cool shadowed walks, the sweet odours, the streams, the deer, the fruit-trees, the tuneful music of birds in this garden, Laneham concludes by saying, "though not so good as Paradise for want of the fair rivers, it was yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree."

The kitchen garden of those days would not compare with one of our own as regards fruit and vegetables, although there is every reason to believe that herbs and roots were cultivated in very



DOROTHY VERNON'S DOOR, HADDON.

much greater variety, for simples, cordials, and cooling waters were commonly prepared by the good housewife of the day, who was the doctor's great ally.



THE WONDERFUL SUNLIGHT EFFECTS OF 1883.

THE strange coloured effects in the skies last winter at sunrise and sunset will long be remembered by all who witnessed them. It was not by scientific men alone that these phenomena were observed and described. The unusual appearances attracted universal attention, and the newspapers day by day recorded what was the common topic of conversation. The writer of this notice was at Brighton in November. At that season glorious sunsets are not unusual there, and are viewed only with brief admiration. But on one evening the display struck every eye with wonder. The western sky was one mass of deep red, against which streaks of floating cloud stood out black as ebony. Long after the sun had disappeared the red glow remained, and, on turning eastward, the town shone with a weird hue, as objects appear at a pyrotechnic display when a flame reddened by strontia is burning. For several successive nights similar effects appeared, not always of the same red colour, but of every shade of orange, pink, and purple.

All along the south coast these beautiful effects were witnessed. At Eastbourne one observer described "the diffused colours of indescribable beauty. Instead of the blood-red of earlier evenings, the sky was an intense orange from the horizon, and the coast-line and sea were yellow. From some atmospheric cause the moon was for a long time positively blue."

The sunlight effects in the morning were as remarkable as in the evening, but were less generally observed. At Dover the morning sky is described as of "a beautiful yellowish red, or orange-colour, of remarkable brilliancy. The effect on the sea was grand and striking. It was very much lighter than usual in consequence of the reflection from the sky. In the evening there was a beautiful sunset, the sky changing from a brilliant green to orange and pink, the latter disappearing very suddenly."

Such are examples of the reports from stations on the south coast, with many variations both as to the colours and the time of their duration. The red glow in the morning was observed for more than an hour before sunrise, and the evening after-glow lasted even longer. The effect began

to appear most conspicuously fifteen or twenty minutes after the sun had gone down, increasing in intensity, and reaching high above the horizon, strange reflections from clouds being also observed all over the sky.

London in November rarely exhibits any atmospheric beauty, but on this occasion the display was as magnificent as at the seaside or in the country. The newspapers contained daily descriptions of the sunlight effects. After a week of such records the writer of a leading article ingeniously speculated on the difference, not merely physical and æsthetic, but moral also, which might be the result on national character if the heavens overhead continued to shine with such unusual beauty, and if the glory of tropical skies always, and not for a brief season only, displaced the gloom of an English November!

Let a portion of one London letter suffice to show the impression made: "The resemblance of the recent sunsets to the afterglow as seen in the Alps, when the mountains are bathed in a rosy light, must be apparent to every one who has witnessed the latter phenomena. For several evenings an orange glow was suffused over all things, and everything red shone out with peculiar intensity. The light from the sky seemed to search out all terrestrial objects, and the extreme eastern horizon shone with a lurid glow."

The peculiar aspect of the moon has already been mentioned, and is described in the following letter from a suburban correspondent. "In connection with the recent wonderful chromatic sunsets and sunrises, it is well to place on record that the moon for a time appeared of the most exquisite ultramarine colour. On more than one evening it was of a beautiful green hue, and one of the spectators observed that he now understood the saying about 'the moon being made of green cheese.' On another evening the moon, as seen from Acton and Ealing, appeared for about twenty minutes of a perfect sapphire blue set in a sky of orange, and at other times of glowing henna-red."

While these communications were being made to the newspapers, telegrams and letters had begun to arrive from places abroad announcing

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the appearance of similar phenomena in many different regions of the world. Signor Denza, Director of the Central Observatory at Moncalieri, reported that these sunsets were seen for several weeks, after November 25th, throughout the whole of Italy, from the Alps to the extremity of Calabria, and everywhere with great intensity. So vivid was the glow that it was taken by many for an aurora borealis. The colours varied from red to deep orange, and afterwards passing through all the tints to the most delicate pink.

"At Madrid, December 2nd, at 4.24 (local time), the sun went down, and we had a fine but not unusual golden sunset effect, which lasted about fifteen minutes. At five o'clock the sky was gradually lit up again—say a hundred miles north and south of sun-point on the horizon, and some forty-five degrees of arc above—the colour varying from pink-red to crimson, less intense on high, but with a defined semicircular boundary against blue sky, which at this period assumed a greenish tint, as did also the moon without losing her brilliancy." A succession of observations were reported by this observer, Mr. F. Gillman, which were printed in "Nature" of December 20th. The same scientific journal contains reports from St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Northern India, Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, and many widely diverse places, all agreeing in the main as to the appearances, but at various dates, from the latter part of October to near the close of the year. Thus a letter from Lieutenant Bittleston, R.H.A., dated Umballa, October 30th, says: "There has been for some time a remarkable appearance in the sky every night. The sun goes down and it gets nearly dark, and then a bright red and yellow and green and purple blaze comes in the sky, and makes it lighter again."

The following passage is taken from a letter written by a lady residing at San Rafael, in a picturesque valley sloping down to the shores of the Bay of San Francisco, and about fifteen miles north of the city which gives its name to the magnificent land-locked harbour of California. She writes under date of December 4th:—"We are now having a succession of most lovely days. There is such an unusual brilliancy of the heavens at sunrise and sunset that it is a subject of general remark here and in San Francisco. Every evening one might suppose that the woods beyond the hills west of us were all on fire. This redness sometimes continues after daylight has departed. We are waiting to hear some explanation of the phenomena."

The desired explanation had ere this been given. At first there had been the usual popular theories that the appearances arose from the state of the atmosphere, and that change of weather was impending, or that a hard winter was foreboded. But when the same reports came from all climates, and different regions, both by sea and land, it was manifest that the phenomena were due to no ordinary atmospheric conditions. Effects so extraordinary must have extraordinary causes. Who it was that first suggested the connection with terrestrial disturbances we do not know, but this was at once admitted to be the

right direction for inquiry. One of the correspondents of the "Times" thus concluded his account of what he had seen near London: "The atmospheric effects produced by the earthquake in Java are engaging the attention of scientific observers all over the world, and every unusual appearance in the sky, or of the sun and moon, as the cloud of pumice dust thrown up into the higher air is going the round of the earth, should be carefully noticed and published."

What is here vaguely ascribed to "the earthquakes in Java" was soon ascribed with more exactness to a terrible volcanic eruption, which formed the culminating event of the seismic disturbances in that part of the world. From India, Australia, and other stations abroad, this suggestion came; and Mr. Norman Lockyer, in a long and able communication to the "Times" of December 8th, stated and advocated the theory, that the phenomena had their origin in the great eruption of the volcano, Mount Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda. The precise time of the beginning of this eruption, its maximum intensity, and its duration, are not clearly known. Mr. Lockyer chiefly addresses himself to the statement of the atmospheric appearances at different stations in various parts of the world. In "Nature," of which journal he is editor, many observations are recorded, among which the following are specimens: Mr. Bishop, of Honolulu, published in a newspaper of that island, September 22nd, a letter, in which he says, "I first noticed these peculiar appearances on Wednesday, the 5th September, at 7 p.m., so long after sunset that ordinarily no trace of colour remains on the western sky. The sky, from south-west to south-east, was then covered with a lurid red and dull yellow glow, much resembling that produced by a distant conflagration. This extended to an altitude of 15° or 20°. I continued to distinguish the light till 7.25."

He then proceeds:—

"I would note three peculiarities of the phenomenon, distinguishing it from ordinary sunset reflections, and unlike anything I remember to have observed before: (1) It appears to be a reflection from no cloud or stratum of vapour whatever. (2) The peculiar lurid glow as of a distant conflagration, totally unlike our common sunsets. (3) The very late hour to which the light was observable—long past the usual hour of total cessation of twilight. To this may be added (4) that the centre of brilliancy was more or less to the south of west."

Mr. Bishop at once ascribed the phenomena to Krakatoa dust, and suggested more vivid appearances along the line Honolulu, Ladrones, Manila, Sunda. Of course he knew nothing of the line Panama, Trinidad, Cape Coast Castle, Seychelles, Sunda.

In a subsequent communication Mr. Bishop tells us that the after-glow remained brilliant for some time, being very brilliant on September 30th. The haze stratum was visible as a continuous sheet at a height far above that of the highest cirrus, a slight wavy ripple being noticeable in its structure, always perfectly transparent and invi-

sible except under certain conditions. A conspicuous circle of 15° to 20° radius was observed during several days, "a misty, rippled surface of haze, with faint crimson hue, which at the edges of the circle gave a purplish tint against the blue sky."

He states that Captain Penhallow, of the *Hope*, observed these phenomena in lat. 24° N., 140° 29' W., on September 18th.

In a letter from Yokohama, dated Sept. 22nd, it was stated that "the sun here was completely obscured, and on its reappearance was quite blood-red, while every now and then jets that looked like smoke passed across its disk." This lasted for two days, and the writer adds, "It is conjectured that this is caused by the volcanic smoke and ashes having been driven up here by the south-west monsoon."

A date nearer to the eruption appears in the following letter communicated to "Nature" (December 13th) by Mr. Howard Fox, of Falmouth. "I send you a bottle of volcanic dust, which Captain Robert Williams, of the bark *Arabella*, obtained under the following circumstances. He says:—'On Tuesday morning, August 28th, 1883, it commenced to rain something like sand (some of which I collected from off the decks), which kept on all this day and the next day. Lat. at noon of the 28th, 5° 37' S., long. 88° 58' E., wind light from the west-south-west, and calm at times. Java Head bearing east-half-south, distant about 970 miles.' Can this shower be connected with the Java eruption?"

It is not necessary to multiply quotations from the reports sent from many places, down to dates long after the Krakatoa eruption. The attempt to harmonise the times of the appearance with estimated rates of the travelling of the volcanic dust has been far from successful. In fact the discrepancies in this respect are in some cases so great as to be urged against the whole theory. But the movement of atmospheric strata at different elevations would sufficiently account for such anomalies.

Of more import to the acceptance of the theory is it, that chemical analysis has ascertained the presence of volcanic dust at various places where the phenomena have been attributed to its influence. Material brought down by rain in Holland and snow in Spain has on microscopic examination proved to be identical with actual products of the eruption brought from Krakatoa in the ordinary manner.

The following letter to the "Times" from Mr. Joseph McPherson, an eminent geologist now in Madrid, must be read in connection with the letter from Holland given below. "Desirous of obtaining positive proof of the brilliant theory put forth in your columns relative to the cause of the remarkable appearances at sunrise and sunset which have for many days excited public attention, I have this day analysed some fresh-fallen snow with the following results—namely, that I have found crystals of hypersthene, pyroxene, magnetic iron, and volcanic glass, all of which have been found in the analysis lately made at Paris of the volcanic ashes from the eruption of Java."

The letter signed by two Dutch chemists attached to the Agricultural Laboratory at Wageningen, M. W. Beyerinck and J. Van Dam, is as follows.

"Early in the morning, on December 13th, between four and five o'clock, a violent tempest from the north-west arose. The wind was accompanied by showers of rain, intermingled with hail. This rain was of a peculiar nature, every drop, after having dried up, leaving behind a slight sediment of greyish-coloured substance. This was most distinctly to be seen on the panes of windows turned towards the west or the north-west; the spots with which these panes were dotted did not leave the least doubt about their having been caused by the fallen rain.

"The streamlets of rain, having evaporated, left on the whole surface of the windows the said greyish matter behind, so that there can be no doubt but the rain itself had conveyed from the upper air the above dust.

"The magnificent 'cloud-glow' which, on several previous evenings, had also been observed hereabouts, and which has been attributed by meteorologists—with good right, no doubt—to the volcanic ashes due to the catastrophe of Java, made us suppose that the substance observed by us on the windows could not but be of the same origin. We took it for granted that whirlwinds, when the storm set in, had brought the dust down to the lower regions of the atmosphere, where it mingled with the falling rain. Consequently we proceeded to examine microscopically the sediment in order to compare it with original ash which had been sent for examination. The result of this examination was that both the sediment and the volcanic ash contained (1) small, transparent, glassy particles; (2) brownish, half-transparent, somewhat filamentous, little staves; and (3) jet black, sharp-edged, small grains, resembling dugite. The average size of the particles observed in the sediment was of course much smaller than that of the constituents of the ash. These observations fortify us in our supposition that the ashes of Krakatoa have come down in Holland."

Without giving further details we think the theory has been established. If any points seemed to need confirmation they are referred to in the following letter published in "Nature" of December 20th, which shows that the atmospheric phenomena are not unprecedented, but had previously been associated with terrestrial disturbance.

"Gilbert White of Selborne, in one of his letters (lxv., to the Hon. Daines Barrington), describes the 'amazing and portentous phenomena' observed in the summer of 1783. 'The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rust-coloured ferruginous light on the ground, particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red lowering aspect of the sun; and indeed there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all the while Calabria and part of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and

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about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea off the coast of Norway.'

"Those who are familiar with the letters and poems of Cowper will remember his references to the same phenomena in that year, as in 'The Task,' Book ii.—

'Fires from beneath, and meteors from above
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.'

"Mrs. Somerville, in her 'Physical Geography,' traced the origin of these atmospheric phenomena to the great eruption of Skaptar, one of the volcanoes in Iceland, which broke out May 8th, and continued till August, sending forth clouds of mingled dust and vapour, which spread over the whole of northern Europe. Mr. Henderson in his work on Iceland, and Dr. Daubeny in his work on volcanoes, also describe this eruption, and the enormous quantities of volcanic dust sent by it into the atmosphere.

"The different effect caused by a tropical eruption and one in northern regions would be such as Gilbert White observed, and what we have lately witnessed. In the eruption of 1783 the stratum of dust and vapour must have been at a low level compared with that of 1883. We know in a general way the course of the circulation of the atmosphere, as we do that of the ocean: the flow of currents from the Poles to replace the ascending volume of air in the equatorial zone, which gradually diffuses itself in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But of the direction and velocity of these lofty strata we know little in detail; just as we have variations and unexplained diversions even of oceanic currents, but in the atmosphere to far greater extent. From Humboldt and Arago we have been taught to believe that the pumice and vapour clouds from volcanoes are raised to enormous altitudes, and the dispersion of these may be too irregular to admit of calculating the exact time after a tropical eruption when atmospheric phenomena would appear in particular localities. The fact remains that abnormal atmospheric effects have resulted from the presence in upper regions of the air of pumice dust in unusual quantity.

"In some regions of the earth these phenomena have been frequently observed, as on the coasts of Peru, where we would expect a large amount of volcanic dust to be present. In Ellis's 'Voyage to the Sandwich Islands,' he describes just such appearances as we have been recently seeing. 'Towards evening and in early morning I have seen clouds of every hue in different parts of the heavens, and such as I had never seen before: for instance, rich and perfect green, amber, carmine; while the hemisphere round the rising and setting sun has been one blaze of glory.' Similar sunlight effects are described by Bishop Heber in his narrative. 'Besides tints of crimson, flame-colour, etc., there were large tracts of translucent green in the immediate neighbourhood of the sinking sun, and for some time after

sunset; with hues such I have never seen before, except in a prism, and surpassing every effect of paint or glass or gem.' These effects were such as aqueous vapour alone could not have produced, and were doubtless due to foreign matter in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

"In the meteorological observations of Luke Howard there are several records of similar abnormal sunlight effects when the sky was 'deep blood-red after sunset, with hues passing through crimson and a gradation of lighter reds and orange and flame-colour. Whether these appearances can be connected with particular volcanic disturbances or not, they seem to have been due to the presence of foreign matter in the upper strata of the air; and there are rarely periods when some volcanic region is not in active eruption.

"On more than one evening in December the metallic-green colour of the moon attracted general notice. This was not due to the laws of complementary colour, for it remained when not a vestige of red or crimson could affect the vision. Mr. Edward Whymper states that the peculiar hue recalled to him the same appearance as witnessed by him in South America when the atmosphere was charged with volcanic dust."

From all that has been stated it appears certain that the atmospheric phenomena which attracted so much attention were caused by the products of the volcanic eruption at Krakatoa. Any anomalies that may appear in the study of directions and dates we may safely set down to our imperfect knowledge of the movements of the higher strata of the atmosphere.

With regard to the persistence of the volcanic dust in the atmosphere, two of the highest authorities in their department of science, Mr. Preece and Mr. Crookes, have shown that the electric condition of the particles projected to a great height would account for their remaining many weeks or even months in the higher regions of the atmosphere. "When we take into consideration," says Mr. Preece, "the movements of the atmosphere and the rotation of the earth, I see no reason to doubt that an immense cloud of highly electrified matter, projected into the air, as in Java, could spread itself and long remain in the higher regions of the atmosphere." And Mr. Crookes says, "There is every reason to believe that electrified dust, once projected fifty or sixty miles above the earth's surface, might remain there for many years." This suggestion may point to the explanation of other meteorological phenomena besides the unusual sunlight effects of 1883.*

* A correspondent writes: "It is natural to suppose that the vast masses of lava and scoriae of larger size were accompanied by large proportions of invisible dust; but it has been doubted whether the matter thus thrown into the air would remain suspended, and would be carried so far from the scene of the eruption. On this point it may be well to note that at the time of the great fire in Chicago pieces of burnt matter were picked up in the streets of Toronto, several hundred miles distant; and it was said that other signs of the conflagration were discernible in the thickness of the atmosphere. And it is on record that when the great forests of Miramichi, in New Brunswick, were destroyed in the fearful fire which devastated that region some fifty years ago, burnt particles were carried across the Atlantic as far as the West Indies. If these comparatively large particles were carried so far before they fell to the earth, we may well understand how the finer and microscopic dust thrown up by the volcano should be carried round the world, and be so diffused in its atmosphere as to give rise, by refraction of the sun's rays, to the gorgeous sunsets which have so delighted us."

INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

TINSEL AND LIGHTNING.

A PIECE of tinsel on a rock once told a pebble, "You see how bright I am! I am by birth related to the lightning." "Indeed!" said the pebble; "then accept my humble respects." Some time after a flash of lightning struck the rock, and the tinsel lost all its brilliancy by the scorching effects of the flash. "Where is your brilliancy now?" said the pebble. "Oh, it is gone to the skies," said the tinsel, "for I have lent it to the lightning that came down a moment ago to borrow it of me." "Dear me!" said the pebble; "how many fibs doth good bragging need!"

THE MONKEY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A monkey in a wood somehow got a looking-glass, and went about showing it to the ani-



mals around him. The bear looked into it and said he was very sorry he had such an ugly face. The wolf said he would fain have the face of a stag, with its beautiful horns. So every beast felt sad that it had not the face of some other in the wood. The monkey then took it to an owl that had witnessed the whole scene. "No," said the owl, "I would not look into it, for I am sure, in this case as in many others, knowledge is but a source of pain." "You are quite right," said the beasts, and broke the glass to pieces, exclaiming, "Ignorance is bliss!"

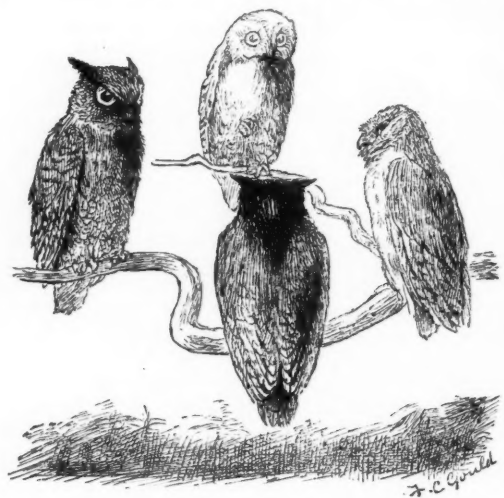
THE SEA, THE FOX, AND THE WOLF.

A fox that lived by the seashore once met a wolf that had never seen the sea. The Wolf said, "What is the sea?" "It is a great piece of water by my dwelling," said the fox. "Is it under your control?" said the wolf. "Certainly,"

said the fox. "Will you show me the sea, then?" said the wolf. "With pleasure," said the fox. So the fox led the wolf to the sea, and said to the waves, "Now go back,"—they went back! "Now come up,"—and they came up! Then the fox said to the waves, "My friend, the wolf has come to see you, so you will come up and go back till I bid you stop;" and the wolf saw, with wonder, the waves coming up and going back. He said to the fox, "May I go into the sea?" "As far as you like. Don't be afraid, for, at a word, the sea would go or come as I bid, and as you have already seen." The wolf believed the fox, and followed the waves rather far from the shore. A great wave soon upset him, and threw up his carcass on the shore. The fox made a hearty breakfast on it, saying, "The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue."

THE FOUR OWLS.

Four owls went out, each to a part of the world, to see how people liked things, ill and false, and came back to tell of what they had seen. The owl that went north said, "I saw, by a stream, the fish make mouths at the birds. They further said, 'Look at our fins and their wings, how queer they are!'" The owl that went south said, "I saw on a hill a fly of fair hues go by the door of a hive; the bees said, 'Look, he has come to beg of us for some food.' The fly said to a friend of his, 'These rogues, I mean the bees, stole the sweets from the blooms when the air was dry, so now I have naught to eat when it is cold.'" The owl that went east



said, "I saw in a wood a pard go out from his den. The wolf went with him a few yards, came

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back, and said to a friend of his, 'The pard is a knave, yet I cling to him, for he is strong.' The owl that went west said, "I saw a bear pass by a lion's den. A fox close by said the bear went to make love to the lion's mate, but was sent back with a box on his ear." The four owls together said, "Where the sun shines there scandal is."

THE FOX IN A WELL.

A fox fell into a well, and was holding hard to some roots at the side of the well, above the water. A wolf who was passing by saw him, and said, "Hollo, Reynard, after all, you have fallen into a well!" "But not without a purpose, and not without the means of going up from it," said the fox. "What do you mean?" said the wolf. "Why," said the fox, "there is a drought all over the country now, and the water in this well is the only means of appeasing the thirst of the thousands that live in this neighbourhood. They held a meeting, and requested me to keep the water from going down lower; so I am holding it up for the public good." "What will be your re-

every day in quest of food, not to speak of innumerable other privileges that will be granted. Further, I am not to stay here all the day. I have asked a kinsman of mine, to whom I have communicated the secret of holding up the water, to relieve me from time to time. Of course he will also get a pension, and have other privileges. I expect him here shortly." "Ah, Reynard, may I relieve you, then? May I hope to get a pension and other privileges? You know what a sad lot is mine, especially in winter." "Certainly," said the fox; "but you must get a long rope, that I may come up and let you in." So the wolf got one. Up came the fox, and down went the wolf, when the former observed, with a laugh, "My dear sir, you may remain there till doomsday, or till the owner of the well throws up your carcass," and left the place. "Alas!" said the wolf, when it was too late, "greed hath its meed."

AMERICAN LIFE FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

TOWARDS the close of the past year the American newspapers recorded an event which was the "big sensation" of the season in New York. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, reputed to be the richest man in the world, gave a ball in his palatial residence in the Fifth Avenue, the costliness and magnificence of which threw into the shade all entertainments that the Empire City had hitherto witnessed. To use his own reported phraseology, it was a ball which "should lay over the *leaves* of ancient and modern kings, and prove a snorter"! The New York papers gave magniloquent descriptions of the "giant revel" of that night, December 11, when a thousand guests were entertained in a style that "ought to have made the monarchs of Europe green with envy." According to all accounts the scene was as gorgeous as wealth could produce. Language fails to tell of the palm-trees and roses, the costly dresses, the enchanting music of the ball-room, and the unbounded extravagance of the supper-table. We should have to go back, beyond the times of Lucullus or the Cæsars, to Belshazzar's Feast, for such an effect! The newspaper reporters vied in their efforts to describe the scene; one of them also recording that "among the earliest arrivals were four detectives, dressed in faultless evening attire," whose aid Mr. Vanderbilt had invoked "to guard the jewels of his guests, and his own diamond-handled knives and topaz spoons."

Some of the papers ventured to speak with sobriety rather than with enthusiasm of the whole affair, but most of them appeared merely to be proud that Republican America could rival or surpass the wealth and luxury of European monarchies.

The tidings of all this vulgar ostentation and



ward?" said the wolf. "They will give me a pension, and save me the trouble of going about

extravagant luxury came to us in England when we were hearing so much about "the bitter cry of outcast London." The knowledge that New York is the scene of equal poverty and misery, led one of our own journalists to write a leading article, the tone of which must commend itself to all right-thinking American as well as English readers. Some sentences we quote:

"If, as Mr. Bright once exclaimed, 'It is a long way from Belgravia to Bethnal Green,' we may, at any rate, solace ourselves in England with the thought that it is a still longer way from Fifth Avenue to the Five Points, the lowest and most unsavoury district of New York. That the leveling and assimilating influences of Democracy have no power to bring the rich and poor closer together is abundantly demonstrated by the existing conditions of society in the United States. On the occasion of his first visit to Boston forty years ago, Charles Dickens wrote to his friend John Forster in these words: 'There is not a man in this town, or in this State, or in any other town, or any other State, who has not a blazing fire and meat dinner every day of his life, nor would a flaming sword in the air attract so much attention as a beggar in the street.' During the hard times which prevailed in the United States between 1874 and 1879 the reports sent to the Foreign Office from various parts of the country by the British Consuls disclosed that there was no big American city which did not swarm with mendicants. Bands of sturdy tramps patrolled the Western States, to the terror of residents who occupied lonely houses upon the prairies, and the conductors of railway trains were ceaselessly engaged in 'chucking' passengers off the cars because they had no money wherewith to pay their fares. Simultaneously the negroes were in rags all over the South, and it was as much as a man's life was worth to ride by night along a lonely road in any of the States, such as South Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama, where the coloured far outnumbered the white population. Although the hum of prosperity began to make itself heard once more in the autumn of 1879, there are few civilised countries where the struggle for daily existence is more severe at this moment than in the great Transatlantic Republic. On the other side of the Atlantic, a time, in fact, seems to be rapidly approaching of which, in his memorable letter, written in 1857 to Mr. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson, Lord Macaulay predicted the probable advent 'in the course of next century, if not of this.' After remarking that he had himself seen England safely emerge from three or four critical seasons when the poor seemed to be on the eve of insurrection against the rich, Lord Macaulay pertinently asked his American correspondent, 'How will your country pass through them when your time comes?' He added that sooner or later a day would arrive 'when in the State of New York a multitude of half-starved people will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, and strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny

of capitalists and usurers, and demanding to know why anybody should drink champagne and ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folk are in want of necessities.'"

If we did not know that the wealthy and fashionable society of New York is of little account in estimating the real strength and character of the American nation, we might have gloomy forebodings after perusing the foregoing sentences. But we turn to what one of the most thoughtful and philosophical writers of our time has lately said about America. M. Emile de Laveleye wrote in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" a memoir of President Garfield, and this is how he concludes his article, in which he had paid a noble homage to the grand character of the great and good man who was "representative of the loftiest and purest traditions of ancient history and of modern Christianity."

"It is sometimes said," he continues, "that America is now no longer what it was when Tocqueville described it, and that the moral level is now lower. Does not this judgment rest on what one sees in the pandemonium of New York, or in the cities of the Far West, which are every day emerging from the desert and from barbarism? At all events, in the measure in which the fact is true, it is explained by two causes—emigration, which brings the impure contingent of the lowest classes of the nations of Europe, and the fever of the material growth of the American giant. The one main purpose is to develop the natural wealth of a new world. How could this preoccupation of material interests fail to be the prime object, when even in our old societies it claims each day an increasing interest? The development of the material resources of America is a prodigious phenomenon, to which nothing in the past history of the world shows any parallel. The statistics of progress confound the imagination. I cite one fact only. In a single year the extension of railways has been such that in two and a half years, at the same rate, the new lines would equal the whole railway system of France. How, amidst similar growth of all material resources, could the pursuit of wealth fail to show itself everywhere? But if we penetrate beneath the surface, always agitated and troubled, we find, in the great mass of the homes of the nation, a life intellectual and moral, vigorous and sound, a true attachment to the best ideas of humanity and justice. Two great influences are at work to raise man there above the exclusive reign of selfishness and of appetite—the influence of the Common School and that of Christianity."

The example of Garfield shows what admirable types of character these influences can raise from even the humbler grades of the people. To-day, as in the time of Tocqueville, these are the true bases of the American democracy. As long as the Great Republic raises from the lower ranks of the people, to make them chiefs of the State, men of character so pure, and one might say, so sacred, as that of Lincoln and Garfield, it can regard the future without anxiety. The hour of great trial has not yet come for such a Commonwealth.

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Varieties.

Italian Probi Viri.

A project of law has been laid before the Italian Chamber of Deputies for the institution of courts similar to the *Conseils des Prudhommes* in France and in Belgium. The principle of arbitration in disputes between masters or capitalists and workmen is admitted to be good, but the system has not been worked in our own country with the same success as among the French. With us the way has usually been to continue disputes to the bitter end, when one side or other has to give in from exhaustion of funds. Where combinations of masters have been formed to meet the organised power of trades' unions, the result has tended to increase the already too painful hostility of classes. It is only when both sides agree to submit to arbitration that a peaceful solution is arrived at, and this in most cases after much bad feeling, great loss of money, and injury to trade or industry.

The *Conseils des Prudhommes*, in France, with legal standing and authority, have often prevented strikes and many of the evils of such disputes. It is their success that has induced some patriotic Italian statesmen to propose the establishment of similar courts, and the name is even more suggestive than that of the French *Prudhommes*. A court of *Probi Viri* implies integrity as well as ability, and happy will those be who, in possessing the confidence both of masters and workmen, will be not merely peacemakers, but peace-preservers and helpers of the industry and prosperity of their country.

Is it impossible to have such permanent and authoritative courts in our own country? There is no subject to which our Chambers of Commerce and Trade Unions could more profitably turn their attention. That the actual producers of our national wealth do not always now obtain an equitable proportion of the fruits of their labour is felt and acknowledged by many besides the working classes. The system of co-operative labour can remedy this only to a limited extent, and under special circumstances. The stern laws of political economy may be incontrovertible in theory, yet may prove feeble barriers to the rising flood of social discontent. The working classes, "our future masters," as Lord Sherbrooke called them, may some day come to raise claims more important than the small sums commonly involved in disputes as to wages. The institution of courts of arbitration or conciliation, consisting of *Probi Viri*, might prove a truly conservative as well as patriotic movement for England.

That America is also beginning to consider these questions appears from a recent report of the Ohio Bureau of Labour Statistics. Out of twenty-two strikes in that State in 1882, only five were successful. The time lost was, in the case of iron and steel workers in rolling mills, sixteen weeks; boiler makers, six weeks; stair-builders, three weeks; and cigar makers, two weeks. Advances in wages ranging from 8 to 16½ per cent., without strikes, were reported in twenty-three occupations during 1882. But it should be stated in regard to these figures that no doubt wages were in many cases advanced through fear of strikes, and there were many employers who confessedly yielded to this feeling alone. With regard to the boot and shoe manufacture of Cincinnati, an interesting experiment in arbitration has been tried. A board of arbitration and conciliation has been organised, composed half of employers and half of *employés*. Before this board comes every dispute, and pending a decision work is to be continued in the shops as if nothing had happened. If the board cannot reach a decision each side selects an arbitrator and the arbitrators an umpire. The decision of these three is final. Each factory has a shop committee, composed of the proprietor or a member of the firm, and two persons selected by the *employés*, who hear any dispute in the factory, and if they cannot agree they refer it to the board. No employer or *employé* is allowed to interfere with anybody because he is a union or a non-union man. Reports from thirty-three districts in the State of Ohio show the average earnings of

workmen who were heads of families to have been only 649 dols. in 1881 against 656 dols. in 1880, while the family expenses increased from 532 dols. to 560 dols. Thus, the cost of living increased about 5 per cent. The statistician notes a marked growth of discontent among working people in 1882, and attributes it solely to the rise in the cost of the necessities of life.

Queen Victoria's Love of Peace.—In the *Memoirs of the American journalist Thurlow Weed*, we learn that he was in England while the Mason and Slidell affair was pending, and he records the part taken by the Queen at that crisis, referring also to other occasions when she contributed essentially to maintain peace with the United States. "Twice her Majesty discountenanced suggestions from the French Government which meant war. The first was a proposition for the joint intervention of France and England, the object being a recognition of the Confederate Government. The next was the introduction into Parliament, after an interview by the mover with the French Emperor, of a resolution repudiating our blockade. The popular feeling in England was so strongly in favour of the Confederate States that our friends in Parliament and in the Cabinet, but for the conviction that their course was tacitly approved by their sovereign, would have found themselves unable to successfully resist those hostile measures. When the despatch demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell was read by Lord Palmerston to the Queen, and the consequences of a refusal were explained, her Majesty was startled and distressed at the idea of war with America. Taking the despatch to the Prince Consort, who, then in his last illness, was sitting in his apartment, the Queen asked him to read it, saying that she thought the language and spirit were harsh and peremptory. The Prince, concurring in opinion with her Majesty, subjected the despatch to erasures and interlineations, in which amended form it was returned to the premier." In relating this incident to Sir Henry Holland, the Queen added, "That was the last time the Prince used his pen."

Something like a Pyramid.—A New York correspondent reports in the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" an astounding discovery. He states that in the virgin forests of Sonora, a province of Western Mexico, near Magdalena, a pyramid has been found measuring 4,350 feet at its base, and rising to the height of 750 feet! A carriage road winds about this enormous structure from base to summit. The face consists of granite blocks carefully cut and perfectly fitted together. Not far distant stands a hill which, we are told, is honeycombed with cells of various sizes, all cut out of the solid rock. They are without windows, several are on the same level, and the walls are adorned with fantastic shapes and symbols.

Fraudulent Prospectuses.—In a recent action against a company for damages on account of false statements in a prospectus, Mr. Justice Lopes laid down the following principle: he should tell the jury that in order to find for the plaintiff they must be satisfied that the defendants, or some of them, were parties to the issue of the prospectus in question; that the statement contained in it was a false statement, made dishonestly and fraudulently, or, at any rate, with reckless ignorance of what was true or not; and that the misrepresentation relied upon must have been in some material particular, so as to have induced the plaintiff to part with his money.

Talking Ravens and Crows.—Visitors to the Brighton Aquarium have been often startled by the human-like salute of an unseen raven near the entrance, "Good day, good day," and "Good-bye," to departing guests. An American journal thus describes the performances of a crow, whether

the common crow known to us, is not stated. His curiosity is always aroused by the approach of a stranger. Upon seeing a person for the first time he deliberately walks around him, examining him in the keenest and most critical manner, frequently ordering him with great sternness to "go home" or "go away." Possibly, if "Grip" is in a pleasant frame of mind, he will greet a stranger with "Hello, hello." He imitates every noise that may be heard in the farm-yard; calls like a hen when she fears danger to her brood of chickens; scolds like a sitting-hen; whinnies like a horse in the fields, and after an intermission will crow like the king of chanticleers, and again like a young cock just trying his feeble, cracked voice. He seems to consider himself the guardian of the premises, walking up and down the street in front of the house and driving before him cats, dogs, or any unfortunate stray chickens that have wandered beyond their limits. He has never shown any desire to fraternise with the wild crows who come about him. Not long since being addressed by some of these crows with a loud "caw caw," Grip responded by saying, "bow wow wow," following this with a loud "hello," which so frightened them that they took rapid flight and did not return.

Singing Sand.—At Manchester, Massachusetts, there is a "singing beach," so called from the sound emitted from the loose sand above the ordinary high-tide mark. The sounding sand is near the surface; at the depth of one or two feet it ceases, perhaps because of moisture. The sound is produced by pressure, and may be likened to a subdued crushing; it is of low intensity and pitch, is not metallic nor crackling. It occurs when the sand is pressed by ordinary walking, increases with sudden pressure of the foot upon the sand, and is perceptible upon mere stirring by the hand, or even plunging one finger and removing it suddenly. It can be intensified by dragging wood over the beach. The singing sand of the island of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian group, gives a sound as of distant thunder when anything of weight is dragged over it. Dampness prevents the sound. That sand is calcareous. Hugh Miller cites similar instances at Jebel Nakous in Arabia Petrea, and Reg Rawan near Cabul. Those are silicious sands. The sounds were a sort of humming. In Churchill county, Nevada, a similar phenomenon is described with regard to a sand hill, as like the sound of telegraph wires when wind blows them.

Practical Charity.—Would we all but relieve, according to the measure of our means, those objects immediately within the range of our personal knowledge, how much of the worst evil of poverty might be alleviated? Very poor people, who are known to us to have been honest, decent, and industrious, when industry was in their power, have a claim on us, founded on our knowledge, and on vicinity and neighbourhood, which have in themselves something sacred and endearing to every good heart.—*Dr. Chalmers*

Lord Dufferin.—I regard the Soudan as a millstone upon the neck of Egypt in the absence of a railway, but it would become a mine of agricultural wealth should a line be opened from Suakin to a point above the last cataracts between Berber and Khartoum. No railway should be commenced until a plan of development shall have been arranged by a competent commission, which should decide upon a comprehensive scheme for the future of the Soudan. That terminus should be in N. lat. 16° 20', at which point the Nile is navigable for 1,400 miles to Gondokoro, upon the White Nile, and to the most distant limit of Egyptian territory upon the Blue Nile. The produce of Central Africa would thus concentrate at the railway south of Shendy, and would be delivered direct at Suakin, which is only four days' steam voyage to Suez.

The Progress of American Agriculture.—Senator Miller, in the course of an address delivered before the Orleans County Agricultural Society upon the Progress of Agriculture in the United States, observed that one half of the total population is now engaged in agriculture, while the other half is engaged in manufactures, commerce, trade, and the professions. The value of the farming lands is equal to the value of all money invested in all other pursuits. A great impetus was given to the development of agriculture by the building

up of those arable lands of the United States which are profitable for cultivating. Another reason for the progress is found in the growth and development of other industries, which have created a large consumption for the products of the farmer. The total number of separate farms in the United States is 4,000,000, the value of which is \$10,000,000,000. The value of the annual products of these farms is \$3,000,000,000, and the value of farming implements in use upon the farms is \$404,000,000. The great improvement in the means of transportation has greatly facilitated the growth of agriculture. Before the days of canals and railroads farm products could not be transported serviceably to a greater distance than one hundred miles. Moreover, the work of agricultural schools and colleges plays an important part in elevating the work of the farmer and making his duties easier and of a higher order.

The Voice of the Turtle.—Sir Henry Thompson irreverently said that conger eel was the chief ingredient in real turtle soup. This statement brought upon him a severe rebuke from more than one importer of turtles and purveyor of turtle soup. Here are two of these rejoinders, the first of them coming appropriately from "The Ship and Turtle" Tavern in Leadenhall Street: "There is not a single word of truth in Sir Henry Thompson's letter, and we are surprised that a gentleman of his standing should write on a subject on which he is profoundly ignorant. We never use or have ever used conger eel, or stock meat of any kind; the stock is from the turtles themselves, of which we kill from four to eight daily." Another tavern-keeper says: "I cannot understand why people should go out of their way to make turtle soup of conger eel or beef, or anything but turtle meat, when turtles are cheaper than beef or mutton, as they have been for some months past. I never heard of turtle soup made of conger before, although it may exist. Some people there are who always think it cleverer to go a roundabout way than a straight one; but my experience is that more good soup is got by boiling a turtle than a similar weight of any other substance; and lately, for some months past, there has been no possible inducement to adulterate, as the genuine article has been about the cheapest that could be obtained." It will be news to many people that turtle is so cheap. The charge at any west-end confectioner or restaurateur for a basin of soup hardly bears out the statement. Sir Henry Thompson maintains his opinion that conger eel is often used, and that when it is not used it ought to be, as being more readily procured and more wholesome!

Jersey Climate.—We are accustomed in London to get early flowers and fruit from the Channel Islands, and ascribe the climate to the warmth of the Gulf Stream. In Paris this influence seems to be less known, for the "Journal des Debats" last November recorded with wonder that a fine branch of lilac was gathered in a garden at Steep Hill, Jersey. On the same tree were many other branches in full flower. The apple and pear trees were also in blossom, and ripe strawberries were plucked which had grown in the open air. "The fact," says the "Debats," "is miraculous in the latitude of Normandy."

Savings-Banks.—The number of depositors in savings-banks has increased in the space of thirty years from 429,000 to 4,140,000; and for one member of a co-operative society twenty years ago there are now six.

Teaching a Dog to Read.—Sir John Lubbock, M.P., has been attempting to teach a dog to read. In a letter to the "Spectator," he says: "I prepared some pieces of stout cardboard, and printed on each in legible letters a word, such as 'food,' 'bone,' 'out,' etc. I then began training a black poodle, Van by name, kindly given me by my friend Mr. Nickalls. I commenced by giving the dog food in a saucer, over which I laid the card on which was the word 'food,' placing also by the side an empty saucer, covered by a plain card. Van soon learnt to distinguish between the two, and the next stage was to teach him to bring me the card; this he now does, and hands it to me quite prettily; and I then give him a bone, or a little food, or take him out, according to the card brought. He still brings sometimes a plain card, in which case I point out his error, and he then

takes it back and happens. The card was it from an active position that he used word 'food' that he believe the with the This, then much further plied, and us. I have ning, and

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takes it back and changes it. This, however, does not often happen. Yesterday morning, for instance, he brought me the card with 'food' on it nine times in succession, selecting it from among other plain cards, though I changed the relative position every time. No one who sees him can doubt that he understands the act of bringing the card with the word 'food' on it, as a request for something to eat, and that he distinguishes between it and a plain card. I also believe that he distinguishes, for instance, between the card with the word 'food' on it and the card with 'out' on it. This, then, seems to open up a method which may be carried much further, for it is obvious that the cards may be multiplied, and the dog thus enabled to communicate freely with us. I have as yet, I know, made only a very small beginning, and hope to carry the experiment much further."

The Work Young Girls might do.—I wish it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter than she is where she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the home is better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment and would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realises how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught, and finding out their duties after they assume such positions, not before.—*Sara O. Jewett, in Boston paper.*

[These remarks apply equally to our own country, where there is a scarcity of useful servants and over-supply of shop assistants and teachers.]

Characteristic Letter of Mr. Spurgeon.—Mr. Spurgeon is everywhere known as an open-communion Baptist, both in sentiment and practice. He freely invites Christians of other denominations to the Lord's Table at his own church communion, and makes them welcome. The editor of the "Central Baptist" having seen it stated that Mr. Spurgeon had said he would "rather be a cannibal than a close-communion Baptist," wrote to him asking as to the truth of the report. Mr. Spurgeon sent the following reply: "Dear Sir,—I am not in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of strict-communion Baptists, for I have a full conviction of their conscientiousness. As to saying that I would sooner be a cannibal than a close-communion Baptist, I never thought so, and certainly never said so. I have not the slightest wish to be one or the other; but I rejoice in being a loving brother to the latter.—Yours heartily, C. H. SPURGEON."

M. Guizot at Windsor Castle.—When away from home M. Guizot penned frequent and copious letters to his children—letters of narrative, description, advice, and parental guidance. From one which he wrote while he was staying on a visit at Windsor Castle, when he was ambassador at St. James's, we quote the following curious passage:—"I had two adventures at Windsor. The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign, and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew Scutari, and Scutari won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle. Here is my second adventure. It will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh

at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening at Windsor the Queen retired at eleven o'clock; we stayed behind, talking for half an hour. At midnight I set out to find my own apartment, and I lost myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, ma'am? was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly.' And she began laughing again, and so did I. I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily."—*M. Guizot in Private Life, by his daughter, Madame de Witt.*

Stars Visible in Moonlight and in Daylight.—At the last meeting of the British Association a note on some recent astronomical experiments at high elevations on the Andes was contributed by Mr. Ralph Copeland. At La Paz (elevation 12,000 feet) he saw stars with the naked eye, when the moon was full, that are with difficulty seen in Europe without artificial aid. At Puno (12,500 feet), Canopus, Sirius, and Jupiter were visible to unaided vision from one to twenty-five minutes before sunset.

[In England, at no great elevation, Venus at least is not unfrequently seen in broad daylight. In the "Leisure Hour" for 1869 a letter appears, from an officer of the musketry school at Hythe, describing Venus as visible in broad sunlight. In the volume for 1872 is the record of the strange star which was seen all day at Rome on November 27, 1871, and which was regarded as a supernatural omen of auspicious import, the legend of the House of Savoy being *J'attends mon astre*. It was the planet Venus, which was then in a very favourable position for daylight observation.]

Poverty and Drink.—Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., in a recent speech, said, "They had heard a great deal about 'outcast' and 'horrible' London, nine-tenths of the evils and misery of which, he believed, might be traced to the drink curse, and with that they were doing battle. In six years the amount expended in strong drinks in the kingdom amounted to £850,000,000. One year's drink bill alone would build 1,000,000 houses, now so needed by the 'outcast' poor, and were this done so much would not be heard of 'the bitter cry' of the metropolis. Let them consider what a state of things they would have if, instead of the amount of one year's drink bill, the sums expended in strong liquor for five or six years were appropriated to such a purpose. The miserable hovels and the miserable lives now to be seen would be no longer witnessed."

"Doing Banting."—About twenty years ago much was said and written about "doing Banting" for the decrease of obesity. In 1864 an article was contributed to the "Leisure Hour" by Mr. William Banting, the well-known house agent and undertaker, of St. James's Street, Piccadilly, from whose case the proverbial phrase originated. As that volume of the "Leisure Hour" cannot now be easily procured, a brief statement of the substance of the paper may be useful to some inquirers.

In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Banting, then sixty-four years of age, five feet five inches in height, weighed 202 lb., or 14 stone 6 lb. His corpulence had become so extreme as to be distressing, and to interfere with the business pursuits in which he had been for nearly fifty years most actively engaged. He could not account for the disease, for such it really was, as there was no hereditary tendency to obesity, and his habits had been those of a temperate and active man.

Many physicians were consulted and many remedies tried. Exercise of every kind, Turkish baths, acids and alkalis, Cheltenham and Harrogate waters, these and other more heroic remedies were tried in vain. Abernethy's famous recipe of living on sixpence a day and earning it, proved no

greater success, for the evil increased in spite of extraordinary labour and the sparest of diet.

At length a medical man was consulted who seems to have known something of the chemistry of food and the chemistry of digestion. Mr. W. Harvey told the patient that it was not the quantity so much as the quality of the food that was to be attended to. Some articles of diet are fat-producers, and these must be avoided, such as sugar, beer, potatoes, bread, butter, and milk. It seemed at first that there was little left to feed upon, but a very sufficient and nutritious diet remained in broiled meat or ham, fish, poultry and game, and green vegetables. Tea without sugar, claret, sherry, spirits and water, formed the drink allowed. Instead of bread there was dry toast, biscuit or rusk.

Under this diet Mr. Banting reduced his weight in a year from 202 to 156 lbs., the diminution being gradual and steady. The girth round the waist was reduced above twelve inches in the same time. There was great increase of muscular vigour, absence of acidity and indigestion, and altogether improved health.

Lord Lyndhurst's Charges to Juries.—A great improvement was made in summing-up evidence when Lord Lyndhurst became a judge. He told a friend that when a barrister he had often wondered that more trouble was not taken to present a case clearly to puzzled jurymen. "I determined that if ever I sat on the Bench I would endeavour to lay the evidence before the jury in a form which was better adapted to their comprehension, and I made it a rule, whenever I was in Court, to digest the evidence in my own mind, as if it was my function at the close to state it in the clearest and compactest shape I could to the jury. It was not possible for me then to take down the evidence; and being forced to rely upon memory, practice soon made the method easy to me." —"*Life of Lyndhurst*," by Sir Theodore Martin.

Aerated Waters.—If manufacturers could get publicans, hotel-keepers, and chemists, who are their principal customers, to retail the waters at a more reasonable charge the trade would benefit enormously. At present aerated waters are sold with a profit of 400 to 600 per cent. for the retailer, 15*d.* per dozen, or 1*d.* per bottle, being considered a fair price by the manufacturer for aerated waters for which 4*d.* and 6*d.* per bottle is charged to the public.

A Tropical Sunset.—The most remarkable recollected by any of the officers or passengers, and, I think, the most magnificent spectacle I ever saw. Beside the usual tints of crimson, flame-colour, etc., which the clouds displayed, and which were strangely contrasted with the deep blue of the sea, and the lighter but equally beautiful blue of the sky, there were in the immediate neighbourhood of the sinking sun, and for some time after his disk had disappeared, large tracts of pale translucent green, such as I had never seen before except in a prism, and surpassing every effect of paint, or glass, or gem. Everybody on board was touched and awed by the glory of the scene, and many observed that such a spectacle, alone, was worth the whole voyage from England. —*Bishop Heber's Narrative.*

Fish Diet in the Olden Time.—In the memorable thirteenth century fish capture and cookery appear to have had quite as prominent a place as they have had quite lately with us. The courageous fishermen of that period let nothing edible escape them; even in the third century the whale fishery was carried on, as whales seem to have frequented the coasts of Europe in these early times, and the fish was sold in slices in the market-places on the coast. The supply of food seems to have been the only motive for this adventurous fishery, the method of extracting oil being unknown till long afterwards. In the careful entry of the household expenses of the Princess Eleanor de Montfort, 1266, is mentioned: "Two hundred pieces of whale, 3*s.*" The tail and tongue of whale were then prized as choice delicacies, to be dressed with peas, or roasted; and the porpoise was served with furmenty, almond-milk, sugar, and saffron; sea-wolves (*lupi aquatici*), which were perhaps the dog-fish, still eaten in France, were

also used for food. Four to six hundred salt herrings were daily consumed in the Princess's household, and the abundant use of other fish may appear from the bill of fare, displayed in some of her fish dinners: "Sunday, March 1, 700 herrings. Monday 2, 400. Wednesday, June 17, plaice, breams, soles, and other fish, 35*s.* 1*d.*; with eggs for two dories to be good in bread, 4*d.*; pepper, 1*d.*; strawberries, 4*d.* Saturday, July 4, cherries, 4*d.*; conger eel, 3*s.*; herrings, 2*s.* 6*d.*; soles, 12*d.*; coelks, 9*d.*; crabs, 2*s.*; bass, 13*d.*; beans, 4*d.*; eggs, 10*d.*; milk, 3*d.* On February 26 two carts arrived from Bristol at Wallingford, laden with 108 cods and lings, 32 congers, and 5 hakes. Stockfish, 18 for 3 days; lobsters and shrimps, 6*d.*" In the entries for a City of London feast, 1425, the whale was used. The price is also given of the following articles used at the same feast: "Porpeys, 10*s.*; oysters and muscles, 6*d.*; salmon and herring, with fresh ling, 15*d.*; a salmon, 21*d.*; codling's head, 8*d.*; 5 pykes, 6*s.* 8*d.*; lampreys, 6*s.* 8*d.*; turbot, 3*s.* 4*d.*; eels, 2*s.* 4*d.*; 800 herrings." At a later period, Judge Walmsley, at Dorchester, had dolphin; at Launceston, porpoise; at Winchester, Poor John (hake), muscles, whelks, razor fish, gull, puffin, kite sparrows. (Expenses of Judges of Assize, 1596 to 1601.)—"The Barons' War," by Henry Blaauw, M.A.

Half Price.—There is no such thing as real cheapness. Everything has its just and necessary price, which you can no more alter than you can alter the course of the earth; and whenever you boast that you have bought anything for half price, be assured that some one else has had to pay the other half.—*E. Ruskin.*

Locusts.—In Cyprus rewards have been offered and taxes imposed with a view to stimulating the peasantry to destroying the eggs, sixty-two tons of which were brought in during 1868, representing 50,000,000,000 locusts, the result being that the pest disappeared for several years. Enormous as is the destruction caused by the locusts there is one advantage about it—viz., that it is edible, in Arabia men and horses using it regularly as an article of diet. By some of the natives they are eaten with oil after being stripped of their legs and wings, but Lady Anne Blunt in her travels was in the habit of boiling them and dipping them into salt. Their flavour is described as savouring of a vegetable, not unlike the taste of green wheat.

The Indian Nabob and his Geographical Knowledge.—An Indian nabob ordered his minister to draw up a firman, or grant of land, in favour of an ameer, or nobleman, a near relative. The minister and the ameer were not good friends. So he drew up a firman including lands which were at the distance of hundreds of miles from one another. The ameer complained to the nabob against the minister. "Minister," said the nabob, "see that my kinsman gets lands as near one another as practicable." The minister, producing a paper in which the names of the distant estates were entered *one below the other*, replied, "Quite so; the first estate is there," pointing to the paper. "Well, next to it is the second, and next to it the third, and so on, as your majesty clearly sees." His majesty was perfectly satisfied that the estates were actually close to one another, and sent his kinsman about his business with a severe scolding!

Decrease of Illiteracy in the German Army.—A report lately issued by the German Imperial Statistical Department states that the percentage of wholly illiterate recruits (that is, men who could neither read nor write their own name) in the whole German Army in the year 1876 was 2.37; in 1877, 2.12; in 1878, 1.73; in 1879, 1.80; in 1880, 1.57; in 1881, 1.59; in 1882, 1.54; and in 1883, 1.32. The heaviest percentages of illiterate recruits in the present year were furnished by the following districts:—Posen, 11.81 of all the illiterate recruits; Marienwerder, 10.10 per cent. of the whole; Bromberg, 6.76; Königsberg, 4.87; Oppeln, 3.71; Alsace-Lorraine, 1.29. It is noted with satisfaction that illiteracy is visibly declining. Seven years ago the proportion was two-thirds greater in Bromberg, and nearly three times greater in Alsace-Lorraine.

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